



No. 302.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS PELLÉAS IN "PELLÉAS AND MELISANDE,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

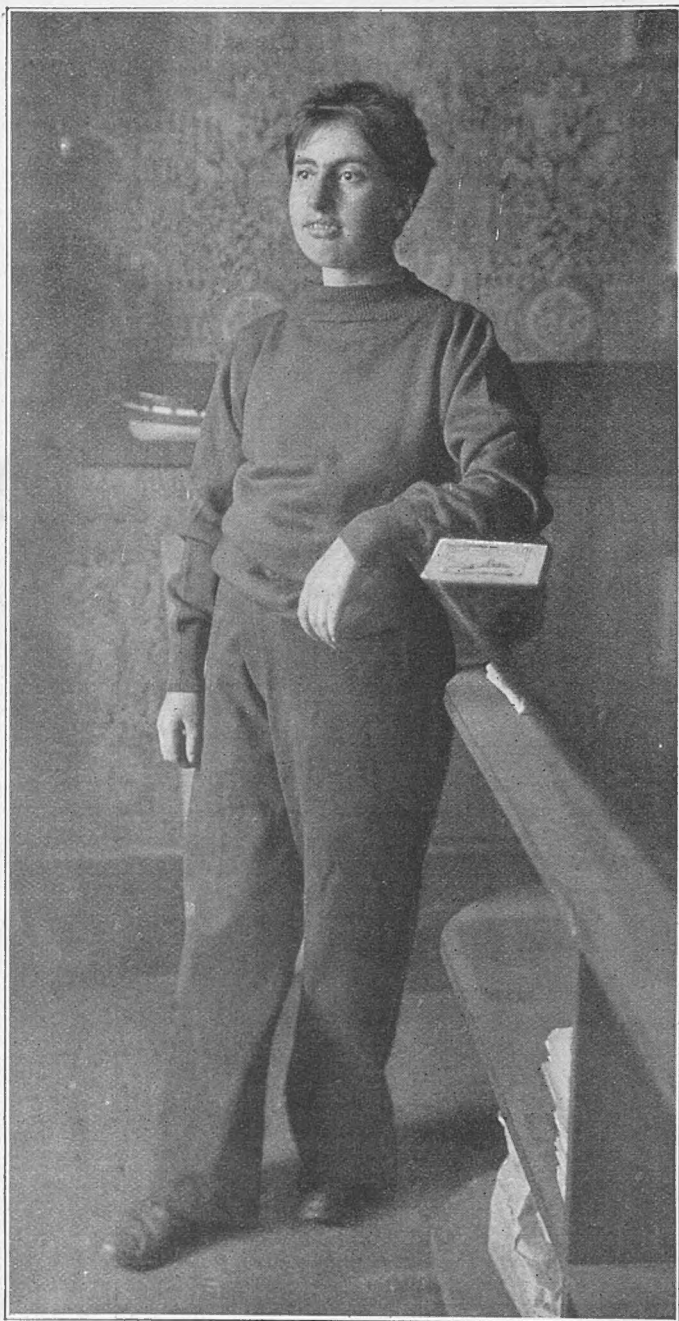
THE LASS WHO LOVED TO BE A SAILOR.

AMELIA VELLA, ALIAS DAVID JAMES LINCOLN GARFIELD McKINLEY, THE PATRIOTIC AMERICAN GIRL WHO TROD THE DECK BUT MAY NOT TREAD THE BOARDS.

Amelia Vella, whose story has been told by the *Daily Mail*, is a damsel of wonderful pluck and assurance. She is sixteen years old, and is reputed of American birth, her father being Frank Vella, whom his daughter describes as a Maltese seaman. She acknowledges his

sailed to Cagliari. "McKinley" suffered severely from *mal-de-mer*, but did not mind that. She worked steam-winch, and took the look-out. Her ingenuity was equal to the task of keeping her secret from her mates in the foc'sle. Her plan was simply to be last to turn in, and to do so "all standing." After the light was out she shed her draperies in her bunk. Once, having blundered over a piece of duty, she wept, and was told by the second officer she would never make a sailor. This incident was, in a manner, her undoing. From Cagliari they sailed to Las Palmas.

If the little woman could have held her tongue, the chances are that she would have got to America undetected, but—she could not. One day, while she was at the wheel, at which she could now do her four hours like a Trojan, she felt that irresistible impulse to speak which is so often our undoing. The second officer was close at hand, reading. To him "McKinley" confided her sex. "Sir," she said, "you remember saying I was like a girl, because I cried? Well, sir, I am a girl." The second officer recovered from his surprise, and then took steps to make the errant damsel confess to the captain. After that "McKinley" had to give up the wheel, and was put to feed the chickens. At Las Palmas she was given in charge to the British Consul, who sent her back to London, where she was placed under the American Consul's care. Her acquaintances volunteer good accounts of her. She is eager for knowledge, and a very bright, well-conducted girl. The public sympathy has been enlisted



MISS AMELIA VELLA IN THE SAILOR COSTUME SHE WORE FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

kinship, however, only to the extent of owning herself his niece. The Vella family were resident in Newport during the coal strike, and, becoming greatly impoverished thereby, Amelia, who was the eldest, disappeared last August and could not be traced.

According to Miss Vella's story, she was early brought to this country, and went into service at thirteen. After she vanished from Newport, she went, dressed as a boy, to Cardiff, where she did odd jobs for the Incandescent Fittings Company, sleeping under a counter at night. Cherishing the idea of attaining ultimately to the Presidency of the United States, the ambitious Amelia bethought her to go to sea. She would work her passage to America. Accordingly she called on the American Consul and on many shipowners, but could not find a vessel. At length she went to the office of the Shipping Federation, and obtained a description of herself under the high-sounding name of David James Lincoln Garfield McKinley, which name, she says, really belongs to her brother, who ran away to sea some time ago. Running away to sea, indeed, would seem to run in the family.

At last "McKinley" got a berth as ordinary seaman on board the British steamer *Bignon*. The crew consisted of five hands, all Welsh. The new boy first held fenders over the side, and then cleaned the brasses. They sailed to Portland and returned to Cardiff, the voyage occupying a week and two days. Her sex was never suspected.

She next signed on with Captain Ferry of the steamship *Blaenavon*, and



MISS AMELIA VELLA IN THE COSTUME IN WHICH SHE WILL RETURN TO AMERICA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

for £25 for her passage to America, and, no doubt, the money will be found, despite the absurd suggestion of the manager of the Alhambra, who wishes the public to know, before subscribing, that Miss Vella has been compelled to decline a lucrative engagement at his establishment. The girl is not less deserving because she may not enter "the halls."

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THE NEW PLAY AT TERRY'S.

Politics apparently constitute "The Broad Road," which leads whither we all know, since but for politics the Honourable Robert Arnold certainly would not have murdered his friend, Maurice Dufrène. It must not be imagined that the crime was due to difference of opinion on political subjects, or even was occasioned by divergence of idea concerning the Government policy. It happened thus. Arnold had a small capital, big ambitions, and a pretty wife with expensive tastes. In the hope of getting a Government appointment, he kept almost open house in Berkeley Square. As he was living beyond his means, he indulged in speculation, gambling with the experts of the Stock Exchange, so he called it, and got into difficulties. His old friend, Maurice Dufrène, offered to help him. The scheme was simple. Arnold was to ask young men with money to his house, and Maurice to swindle them at cards. Arnold accepted, and all went merrily for a while, except, indeed, for the "mugs" who indulged in piquet with Dufrène. Then a woman played the part of destiny. For the card-sharper, through love of Cecilia, Arnold's sister-in-law, decided to reform, to retribute, and to confess. At first Maurice thought it his duty to "give away" Arnold, and he told him so. Afterwards he changed his mind on this point without informing his partner of the change, so Arnold gave him one of those wonderful animal poisons from the East, popular with writers of fiction since the publication of Balzac's "La Cousine Bette." Maurice dies. What becomes of Arnold is known only to Captain Robert Marshall, author of the play now running at Terry's.

The gifts of humour and wit shown by Captain Marshall in "His Excellency the Governor," a piece which had less success than it deserved, caused us to expect a better play than "The Broad Road," which, indeed, so far as style is concerned, suggests that it is older in point of writing than its predecessor. There is much cleverness in some scenes, there are witty lines in the dialogue, and the character of Cecilia is a delightful sketch, beautifully treated by Miss Lena Ashwell. On the other hand, the play is somewhat badly balanced, and, in consequence, the interest keeps constantly shifting from the part of Arnold, obviously intended to be the chief, to that of Dufrène. Possibly, the difference in quality between the actors engaged had something to do with this. Miss Ida Molesworth acted cleverly as Mrs. Arnold, and sincere praise is due to Mr. Martin Harvey for his work as the card-sharper
E. F. S.

A QUAIN PLAYBILL.

While stopping in a very old country-house in Ireland lately (writes a correspondent), I unearthed a quantity of quaint playbills of a past generation, of which the following is a specimen—

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.
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The parts of the king and queen, by directions of the rev. father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

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The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

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The whole to conclude with the farce of

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Nov. 9, 1898.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sirdar has had a bountiful bout of banqueting, the climax being reached on Friday, when he was presented with a sword of honour and the freedom of the City. Even dinner-tables are taking on the colour of the crisis, as you will see by the British Lion sugared down for the banquet-table.

The trip to Balmoral must have been triumphant if tedious. When the Sirdar and Mr. Arthur Balfour changed carriages at Aberdeen on their way to Balmoral, some of the spectators were amused to see on a barrow a bag of golf-clubs bearing in white letters the initials "A. J. B." So loyal is Mr. Balfour to golf that he could not go even to Balmoral without his clubs. There is a small golf-course in the Castle grounds. Several members of the royal family play the game, and no doubt the leader of the House of Commons will while away a dull hour on Deeside by having a round. Perhaps he will try also to infuse the Sirdar with some interest in "gowff," although it is understood that Lord Kitchener reserves his enthusiasm for the Army. If Mr. Balfour had had a little longer time between trains at Aberdeen, he might have rushed to the links there for a game, but he and the Sirdar had time only for a forenoon meal. Luncheon, the Aberdonians say it was, but they keep early hours in the Granite City, and eleven o'clock was not late for Mr. Balfour's breakfast.

The Sirdar, with his host and both A.D.C.'s, turned into the Beefsteak Club on the evening of his arrival, after having gone through the Empire programme. In talking to a friend of his late stirring experiences, Lord Kitchener declared that of all shots those of the "snap" variety, which opened upon him in a perfect fusillade at Dover, were the most unpleasant, as they, no doubt, were the only missiles to which he would willingly have turned his back. Apropos of the enthusiasm excited in fiery schoolboy bosoms may be quoted a letter sent me by a youthful cousin who is being "cramped" for the Navy at Dover, and, camera in hand, awaited the hero's arrival: "I couldn't get him whole, you know," writes the embryo Admiral, "because the 'bobbies' rushed me so, but I *did* manage a bit of his leg, and will send you a copy when developed"; which trophy I shall carefully put with the family archives. It will at least be something for the Admiral to point out to his grandchildren fifty years hence.

Lieutenant Brinton's humorous remark in his speech to the officers and men of his old regiment, the 2nd Life Guards, that, if he had his deserts, he would be "sent back to school to learn the sword-exercise and how to make the first guard correctly," was the occasion of quite a number of letters to the papers. One correspondent lamented the absolute ignorance of British officers in the use of sword and revolver, and said that, while they cheerfully threw their lives away, they always went down in a charge against Dervishes or any other foe, and he dolefully prophesied the same result should they be pitted against Frenchmen. Other correspondents averred that never were British officers better able to use their weapons, and that sword-exercise and

revolver-shooting are assiduously practised. This is perfectly correct, for, though the Colonel of the 21st Lancers is said to have charged with undrawn sword, some of the officers not only did not "go down" before the Dervishes, but accounted for half-a-dozen of them. Lieutenant Brinton himself, as a correspondent pointed out, before being cut over the shoulder by an Emir, had already been wounded in the thigh by one spear, and another was "sticking through his finger into the hilt of his sword," while, as the Emir who wounded him galloped up from behind on the near side, the "first guard" could hardly have been of much use.

The presentation of colours to the new 2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders by the Queen recalls the fact that, though since the territorial system the Camerons have had the peculiar distinction of being the only one-battalion regiment in the British Army, a 2nd battalion existed from 1803 to 1814, but saw no war-service. The Militia battalion of the Camerons which attracted so much attention at the recent manoeuvres now becomes the 3rd Battalion. Since the raising of the 79th by Alan Cameron of Erracht 105 years ago, the Camerons have been in every important campaign, from that of Holland in 1799 down to Atbara and Khartoum. In Egypt

in 1801, 1882-4, 1884-5, and during the present year; in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, the Crimea, the Mutiny, and Ashanti (where a portion of the regiment was attached to the "Forty-twas"), the "Queen's Own" have been to the fore; and in considering their list of "honours," one must remember that these were won by a single battalion, and not, as in other cases, by two battalions now linked as one regiment.

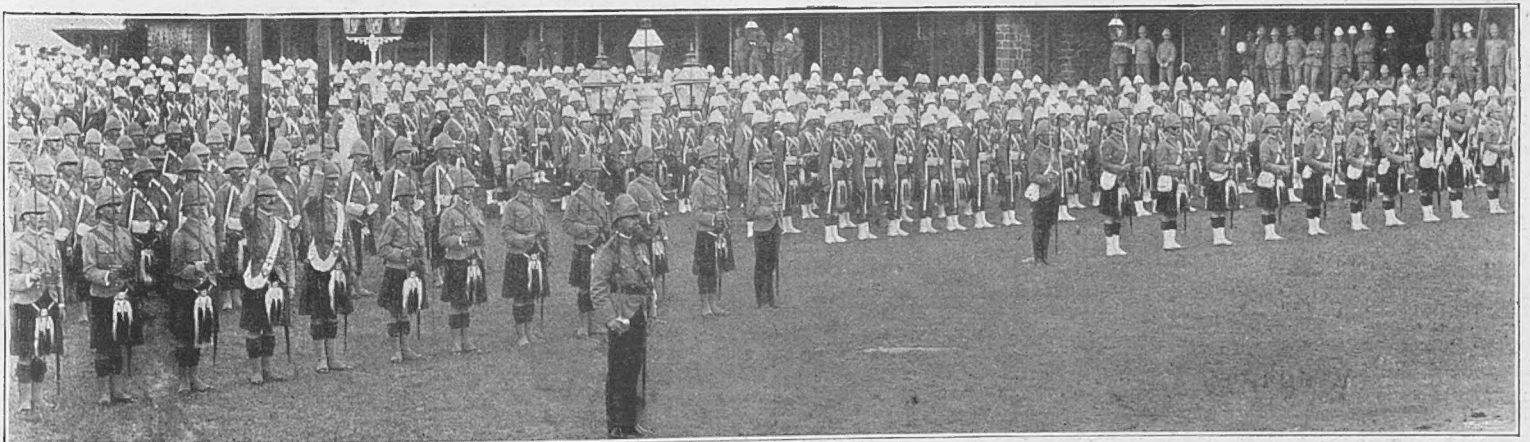
The two regiments which form the Gordons are a century old, but since they were made into one regiment the 1st and 2nd Battalions have met each other as such only once. That was at Deolali, Bombay, on Oct. 3. The 2nd Battalion, the old 92nd Highlanders, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., arrived at Deolali on Saturday, Oct. 1, *en route* for Umballa. They remained in camp for three days, and on Monday paraded at 8.15 a.m., and were drawn up in quarter-column at the Government railway station, there to await the arrival of the 1st Battalion, the old 75th. About 9.15 a.m. the train conveying the homeward-bound corps steamed into the station. Colonel Dick-Cunyngham then turned to his battalion, and, calling them to attention, said, "Men of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, three cheers for your comrades of the 1st Battalion!"

The pipers then struck up and played "The Cock of the North" and other appropriate tunes. Colonel Mathias, C.B., A.D.C., commanding the 1st Battalion, then formed up his battalion, and the whole regiment marched into camp. During the day the officers of both battalions were photographed together, those of the homeward-bound battalion being dressed in marching order, and the remainder being in undress uniform. Thus the two battalions parted, after having been together for eight hours, not to meet again for many years.



OMDURMAN IN SUGAR, FOR THE BEHOOF OF BANQUETERS.

Designed by Mr. F. Russell, Liverpool.



THESE TWO BATTALIONS OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS MET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR HISTORY AT DEOLALI.

Did you ever see a blazing stack—surely the wickedest waste in the world? Here is a picture of twelve stacks of corn which were burned in the fire near Cambridge the other day. A high wind was blowing at



TWELVE HAYSTACKS BURNING.

the time, and the fire spread with great rapidity and destroyed several buildings. The helplessness of the ordinary farm in the case of fire is awful.

On Wednesday last, at the Albert Hall, Madame Melba gave a grand evening concert (under the direction of Mr. N. Vert), associated with a number of very distinguished vocalists. The chief interest of the evening centred, of course, in Melba's appearance, which, it has been announced, is to be her only one in London prior to her departure for America. The hall was comfortably filled, if not overcrowded, and the prima donna received ample applause when she came before her audience. She began the evening by singing in her most exquisite style the Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which that wonderful final trill was as extraordinary in its growth and final volume as ever. Later, in Tosti's fine song, "Good-bye," she was equally successful in a more quiet and more poignant fashion. The warmth and flexibility of her voice, its power, its tenderness, and its purity, were as freely in evidence as ever, although I understand that she literally left a bed of sickness in Paris to fulfil this London engagement. Among those who assisted her at this concert, the names of Miss Crossley, who sang Gluck's "Che farò?" beautifully, of Mr. Ben Davies, of Mr. Johann Kruse, and of Mr. Landon Ronald must be mentioned. Mr. Santley also sang, but not very engrossingly.

I have received a letter from the Marquis of Ailsa explaining the strong interest he takes in the "Woman's Mission to Women," which, as its name would imply, occupies itself with the work of rescuing the woman of the street. Certainly the statistics given in an authorised little leaflet are imposing enough. An enormous number have received help; many have been placed in homes or restored to their friends, a few have been assisted to marry, a few have been helped to emigrate, and a large number have been provided with situations. I am not quite sure if I agree with the statement of this leaflet, as a general rule, that "a woman is better able to enter into a woman's feelings," but there is no doubt that such missions as these, if carried on sincerely and kindly, can do an enormous amount of good; but so much depends on kindness.

Everybody knows that a mystery hangs over the origin of the Hova race of Madagascar, that up to the French conquest ruled the several other races of the island, and that there are many postulates concerning it. The matter may now be considered settled; a Frenchman has discovered that they are descended from the ancient Greeks, and that the deposed Queen has a lineage direct from Ulysses and a Phæacian princess! This is interesting. It appears that the voyage of Ulysses recounted in the Odyssey was not made in the Mediterranean at all, but in the Indian Ocean—we must suppose the Isthmus of Suez already canaled, or that the boat was dragged across—and that the term of it was Madagascar. It was at the wells of Aden that Ulysses met the perfidious daughter of the Lestrygons, and it was at Java that Circe held her magic Court. The land of the Chimera and the Sirens are but the poetised hallucinations of the shipwrecked. Escaping these dangers, Ulysses fell between the jaws of Scylla and Charybdis, not in the Straits of Messina, but on the north coast of Madagascar, where in her fragrant bowers he met Calypso.

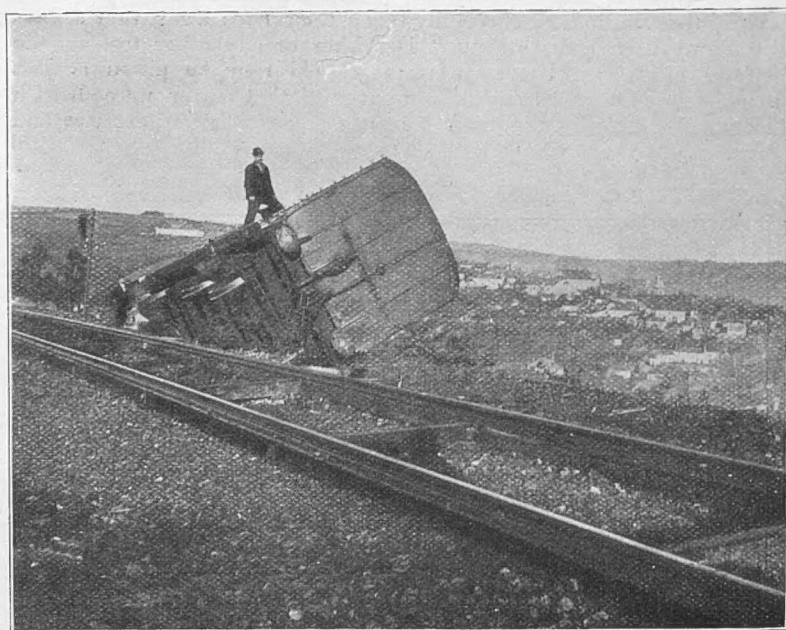
Arrived at the Court of Madagascar, what was the stupefaction of Ulysses to find that he had been preceded there by men of his race, the Phæacians, whose King, Antinoüs, was father of the fair Nausicaa. This last received him with the easy manners that prevail among Malagache girls even to-day. There is no need to insist. If we agree to the rest, we may very well admit the persistence of the royal race, and that the fair Nausicaa is the ancestress of the black Ranavalo, the

accident of climate accounting for the change of tint. Beside this genealogy, another Frenchman puts another equally ingenious one, that traces the old Kings of France back also to the Hellade: "It is a certain fact that the Kings of France descend from the noble line of Troy," say the "Chronicles of St. Denis," and make the line remount to Francus, the grandson of Priam. Thus, in some manner, the taking of Madagascar by the French may be considered the revenge of Priam's children for the defeat of Troy. Genealogy has its gay side.

The Special Correspondents with the German Emperor in Palestine have had some rough treatment from the Turkish authorities, and even as their suffering has been their wrath. Printing House Square has raised the trouble to the dignity of a leader, in which we were assured that nobody will deplore the ill-treatment of the Correspondents more than Kaiser William himself. Now my recollections of Palestine lead me to believe that the Correspondents who chartered a "special" from Jaffa to Jerusalem were better off than the high dignitaries who went by road. I have travelled both ways, and prefer the rail. The roads are hard, uneven, and dusty; the air is filled with the tiny fibres of the cactus, from which ophthalmia is born; the country, except along the plains of Sharon, is not remarkable for its beauty, particularly at this time of year. The heat is very trying; the mosquitoes are worse than the heat. On the other hand, the journey by rail is very pleasant and picturesque; the single line runs all round the mountains of Judaea, because the builders could not afford to tunnel through the hills; the views, particularly as you reach high ground near Jerusalem, are exquisite, and there is a solemn stillness, an everlasting silence, that is most imposing. You see none but a few shepherds tending their flocks, and they, from the far mountain-tops, wave a silent greeting. The train proceeds very slowly, and winds in and out among the hills, giving occasional glimpses of places where, in old time, history was made.

The recently expressed opinions of the Commander-in-Chief about the use and misuse of military intelligence by the newspapers raises a very interesting point. Undoubtedly there is great danger in too much publicity, and questions of mobilisation and commissariat at seasons of war-scare are best left alone. At the same time, it is only fair to recollect that during campaigns most General Officers attach great value to the presence of the Special Correspondents. "I would not willingly fight a battle without Correspondents," said a veteran General who wears the V.C., in course of a recent conversation; "and, if I had none with me, so soon as the fight was over I should commission a staff-officer to send a report to the papers." I have been told that before Lord Roberts set off on his historic march from Kabul to Kandahar he asked if the War Correspondents were there. Sir Evelyn Wood is another General who favourably affects the fourth estate, and never fails to give them every facility for doing their work. On the other hand, Lord Wolseley does not love them; in "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," when it was first published, he called them "the curse of modern armies, the drones who do no work at all and eat the rations of fighting men." In later editions these words have been deleted.

A peculiar railway accident occurred near Penryn on Monday evening of last week, when the mail-train for London, which had left Falmouth at 5.20, left the rails and toppled right over an embankment. The engine was turned quite upside-down, and the carriages turned over on their sides. The injury done to the passengers was, fortunately, slight, but Cottrell, the engine-driver, was so badly scalded that he died. The fireman, curiously enough, escaped with a severe shaking, and, with one exception, the passengers' injuries were confined to cuts, contusions, and shock. Cottrell had been for many years a servant of the Great Western Railway Company, and was rated a first-class driver.



THE OVERTURNED TRAIN AT PENRYN.

Photo by Harrison, Truro.

On Oct. 18, seven of the Bashi-Bazouks who were implicated in the murder of our soldiers and sailors in Candia during the recent disturbances, were hung. The scaffold was designed and built by the Sappers, and was erected during the previous night. At 8.30 a.m. all the British troops were under arms and lined the ramparts, the men-of-war going to quarters with guns trained upon the town, in the event of there being an attempt at a rescue or a disturbance. No natives were allowed on the ramparts, the Turkish troops having strict orders to keep them within the town. At 9 a.m. the seven criminals were marched up to the gallows, all of them displaying great fear, and shouting to Allah to save them. Their legs and arms were secured, their eyes bandaged, and they were all placed standing in a row upon the drop-plank of the gallows, which was held by means of a single rope. The executioner (a Sapper) was stationed in the box-like receptacle on the top of the gallows; this box was lined with bullet-proof corrugated iron for his protection. At 9.30 a.m. precisely, at a given signal, the executioner cut the rope suspending the drop-plank, which fell with a loud clang against the corrugated iron sides of the lower part of the gallows, and all seven fell together. Death was instantaneous with six of the men; the seventh showed signs of life for a few minutes after the drop. The bodies, which fell out of sight behind the front of the gallows, remained in this position until midday, when they were hoisted into full view, with placards pinned on to them giving their names and the reason for their execution. At sunset their friends were allowed to take them away for burial.

Sub-Lieutenant Nicholson, of H.M.S. *Hazard*, performed as stirring deeds of bravery during the recent disturbances as many which



SERGEANT RUSSELL OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

He has been made a Lieutenant in the Egyptian Army.

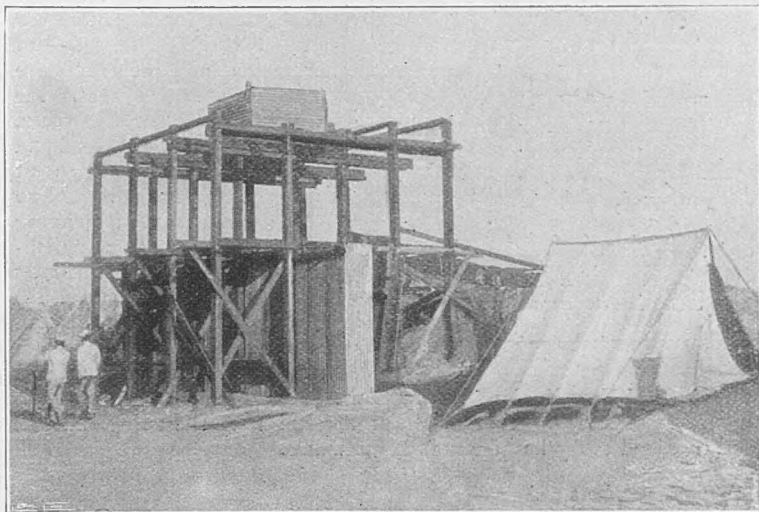
have won the Victoria Cross; but there were no War-Correspondents on the spot to chronicle the event, and the public who know Findlater have consequently heard nothing of this gallant young naval officer. In fact, all the party of bluejackets and Marines landed to protect Colonel Reid on his taking over the dime-tax behaved splendidly. A friend has just sent me some details that make one's blood tingle. When fighting was feared, Mr. Nicholson, who is only just twenty-one years of age, landed from the *Hazard* in charge of nine Marines and fourteen bluejackets. Faced by crowds of fanatical Moslems and in danger from the firing from the houses and roofs, Mr. Nicholson ordered his men not to fire, and the party, having done their best to protect Colonel Reid, withdrew to the water's edge. It was a case of a handful of men against thousands, and, under a murderous fire, the naval party embarked on the *Turquoise*

distilling-ship, three being killed and twelve wounded. The dead and wounded were got on board, Mr. Nicholson himself carrying up the twenty-four-foot ladder to the *Turquoise* a wounded officer of the Highland Light Infantry, and then returning to the shore for others.

Meanwhile, this party having had to retire, another was landed in a gig, under the command of Lieutenant and Commander Vaughan Lewes. The party included only Dr. W. T. Maillard, the captain's steward, who volunteered, and five men. They effected a landing under a heavy fire, and literally rushed to the jetty, where one man fell dead, one received a wound that afterwards proved fatal, two were seriously wounded, while Commander Lewes was grazed on the head, and the other three men had their clothes shot through. A third party had landed in another boat, and, it being seen that one man had been shot in the boat before the shore was reached, Dr. Maillard rushed through a storm of bullets. But alone he was helpless, and he had to seek shelter. By this time the gunboat *Hazard* opened fire, the stokers working the guns, and drew off the attention of the rioters, who were keeping up a deadly fire, shouting "Death to the Christians." At length, with the assistance of a small body of the Highland Light Infantry, a barricade was formed, and the officers were wondering how they could protect the Christians and at the same time maintain a means of escape to the shore at nightfall, when the Governor appeared, and it was remarked that by sending one soldier round to tap the windows he succeeded in stopping all firing.

The Admiralty are about to take in hand a great work at Portsmouth. They have acquired sixteen and a-half acres of land just outside the Dockyard, where barracks for bluejackets will be erected at a cost of nearly £600,000. At present the men quartered at Portsmouth pending being drafted to ships are housed in a row of insanitary old hulks in Fountain Lake, in every way unsuited to men who are useless unless they are thoroughly healthy. Moreover, any man would find it difficult to be smart in the old ships which in the past have served as a naval dépôt.

Gradually the theory that a sailor must be kept afloat at all costs, even if his ship floats merely on smelly mud, is being abandoned. There are naval barracks at Devonport, which are being extended at a cost of £160,000; nearly £400,000 is to be spent on barracks to replace

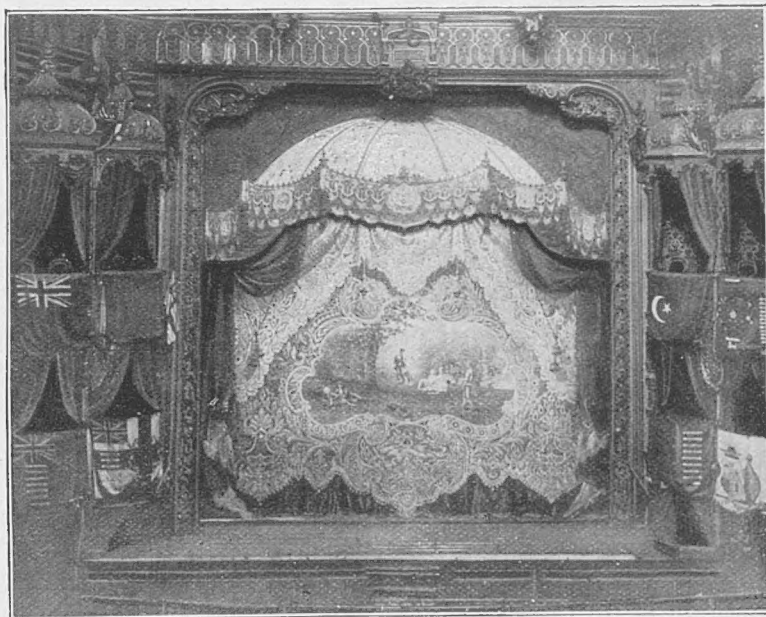


THE SCAFFOLD ON WHICH ADMIRAL NOEL HANGED THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

the old dépôt hulks at Chatham; the gunnery training at Portsmouth is carried out on Whale Island instead of in H.M.S. *Excellent*, while at Devonport the *Cambridge*, the Western gunnery-ship, is to give way to a shore establishment. Naval engineers have for years been trained ashore, and now naval cadets are to have a great college, costing about a quarter of a million, in place of the *Britannia*. The Admiralty are already committed to new docks and buildings costing over £10,000,000.

One man at least is all the better for the Egyptian campaign; to wit, Sergeant A. Russell, who has received a commission in the Egyptian Army. He enlisted in the Scots Guards in March 1892, and was transferred to the Egyptian Army three years later, being mentioned for gallantry in the field by the Sirdar at the Battle of Atbara. He again distinguished himself at the taking of Khartoum, and now he has got his commission. I am indebted to Mr. Ball the photographer, of Regent Street, for the loan of Mr. Russell's portrait, which was taken in Egypt.

On Monday afternoon last week, a military matinée was given at the Canterbury Music Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, in aid of Lord Kitchener's fund for building the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum. The Sirdar was represented by Lord Edward Cecil, and several officers of the 1st Grenadier Guards were present, and many others. The massed bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards played for about an hour in the vestibule of the hall, and afterwards on the stage, and many well-known artists gave their services, including George Robey, Maggie Duggan, Charles Godfrey, and Harriet Vernon. Mrs. Fred Holden and Mrs. Peter Conroy, wives of the manager and musical director, collected over £13 for programmes, which amount goes to the fund, together with all money taken excepting bare working expenses. The hall was handsomely decorated with regimental flags and trophies lent for the occasion by the different regiments. The handsome curtain was specially painted by Helmsley.



THE CANTERBURY MUSIC-HALL, DECORATED FOR LORD KITCHENER'S COLLEGE SCHEME.

Photo by Latham, Kernington.

Some years ago I met in London a young American who had just been studying in Leipzig University. His name was Edwin Mead. Mr. Mead possessed an enthusiastic love of German literature; he had

a profound reverence for Lessing, and he taught me to share it. Mr. Mead's enthusiasm for the literature of Transcendentalism — of Emerson and of Theodore Parker — was also great. He was in Europe for five years, studying at both Oxford and Cambridge, as well as at Leipzig, and he exercised no small influence in making many studious young Englishmen of that period enthusiasts over American literature. He is now back again in Boston, where he has been energetic as a lecturer, as a writer, and

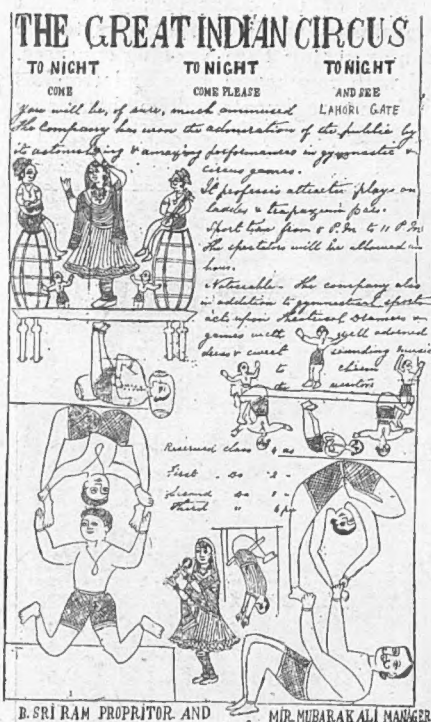
as an editor of New England publications. Now I have to congratulate him on his marriage. A number of his old friends in England will wish Mr. Mead every happiness in his new life.

A correspondent writes—

To your interesting account of Father Brindle's great act of devotion in walking twenty miles to administer the Last Sacraments to a dying man in the Soudan, will you allow me to add that all this must have been done without any food whatever? According to the rules of the Church, he would have to be fasting from midnight until after he had communicated at Mass. Under these conditions, his deed of charity will appear truly heroic.

Are there any people in London so full of local patriotism as the Highlanders? The Gaelic Society's concert in the Queen's Hall was as enthusiastic and jolly as a Highland fling. There were many Lowlanders present, I suppose, but the people whose heart warms to the tartan were predominant. The tartan was everywhere. There were numerous kilts, and ladies wore tartan ribbons, and the book of words had a tartan cover. Everything was reminiscent of the "auld hame," which the Highlander never loves so fondly as when he looks back at it from an enchanting distance. How he "hooched" and cheered when Mr. Scott Skinner, a kilted fiddler, played the airs that reminded him of the hills and streams and woods, the lasses and the loves, of his romantic country! Better singing and better fiddling there may often have been in the Queen's Hall, but never was there a happier, more enthusiastic audience, nor closer fellowship between audience and performers.

"You will be, of sure, much amused" by the accompanying handbill, even if not by the company's acting "upon Theatrical Dramers," in "well-adorned dress," to the "sweet sounding music" of a hysterical tomtom and a first and last fiddle of the caterwaul order. The illustrations are from sketches, and are of the manager doing the Cragg act. The lady is playing a snake-charmer's instrument. This bill is issued to Europeans only; that for natives is *not* illustrated. A really fine theatre with first-class large stage and gridiron is nearly ready for opening at Delhi. It will be the only one in the Punjab.



The Russian Embassy in Paris is naturally one of the centres of much gorgeous hospitality in that lively city, but a function of more than ordinary splendour took place there some days since, Prince Ouroussoff being host, with the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir as guests. Forty "high and well-born" others were invited to meet the Grand Duke and Duchess, and the luncheon-table, decorated with white orchids, which are necessarily at a premium just now, was a sight of snowy, fantastic beauty. The Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna sat between the Grand Duke Alexis and M. Paul Deschanel. She has all the vivacity and conversational charm of her countrywomen, and dresses to a

miracle besides, if one may be forgiven for using in this connection the jargon of the moment. Prince and Princess Michael Radziwill, Comte de Castellane, and Prince Troubetzkoy were present, as well as the cream of that dainty cosmopolitan society which is, perhaps, met at its best in Paris. Among the many beautiful gowns making gay this ultra-smart function was one with unique specimens of turquoise

embroidery on dull bronze-green velvet, worn by the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg, whose modiste may, without vanity, consider herself a heaven-born artist in the matter of silk and stuff.

Hunting at last, and the world well lost for it, if one may judge of the hot haste and enthusiastic scrambling of this last week's preparations. With neither frost nor storm to check vegetation in efflorescent green Erin especially, the season does not seem to open under the most favourable auspices. But a "blind beginning" often settles down into a very smart afterwards, as the frost, when it does appear, makes short shrift of the lingering leaves; so we hope for the best. The Kildares started work last week in a country full of heavily clad blind fences, but the going was as good as pluck could make it. In Tipperary the greatly regretted death of the Master's wife, Mrs. Burke, stopped sport for a couple of weeks; but in Meath things are going with a run, and good quarters are no longer to be had for money, much less its classic accompaniment, love; while Galway in no way lags behind, and a batch of English visitors has brought up the fields to very respectable numbers indeed.

Over here, people are settling into winter hunting-quarters very busily. The Rajah of Sarawak is stopping at Golden Farm, Cirencester, from where he will hunt with the Cotswold. Lord and Lady Huntingdon are at Cangort Park, and at Cold Newton Lord and Lady Paulet are settled in for the season already. Aske Hall, which is in the centre of many meets, is tenanted as usual by Lord and Lady Zetland, while at Trentham the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are also assembled with a group of guests. American sportsmen, like all the rest, have begun to gravitate to England when "foxes are in," for all roads of this sort lead to Leicestershire, and around Melton quite a sprinkling of "squires" from New York doth now appear. Amongst others, Mr. Van Alen will show at Kirby Gate, having leased Coventry House for the season from the hard-riding and plucky Count Zborowski, who has developed an affection for the Atherstone country of late. Mrs. Romer Williams at Newnham and Mrs. Osgood at Cracks Hills are two hostesses who help to heap glory on the Grafton, where the houses about are already so full as to argue a positive want of cross-country elbow-room.

The giddy season at Covent Garden has begun. On Friday the first ball of the season was held, and Mr. T. R. Dewar gave a ball on Monday. The theatre has been got up to represent Khartoum.

In the following instance of five generations living at the same time there are some points that distinguish it from the previous similar instances recorded in *The Sketch*. All the members of the interesting family in question reside in the same locality in Chesham, Buckinghamshire, and the eldest member, Mrs. Ann Stratford, is eighty-six years old—a less advanced age than that of the oldest members of the previously recorded five-generation groups. Her son, Mr. Samuel Stratford, is sixty-four. During the last sixteen years, as rural postman, he has walked 80,000 miles. His daughter, Mrs. Sutherland, is forty-four years of age. George Sutherland, her son, is twenty-two, and the fifth member of this interesting family, a son of the last-named, is eighteen months old.

Edinburgh has as one of its residents a remarkable old lady, who, if she survives other fourteen months, will have lived in three centuries. Mrs. Roper, the lady in question, will enter her hundredth year on Dec. 29; she has a vivid recollection of the events that followed the victory at Trafalgar, and of hearing people speak of the death of Nelson. In early life, when in domestic service in the Scottish capital with Dr. Liston, she frequently saw and spoke to Sir Walter Scott when he called on his friend the doctor. The old lady is fond of relating how, on one occasion, Sir Walter appeared greatly amused at an expression of hers, and repeated it. It occurred in this way. Dr. Liston, on leaving the house one day in company with Sir Walter and Sir William Allan, the painter, inquired where the cat was. Mrs. Roper replied that it had got out of sight again, and her master, being inclined to blame her for remissness, and remarking that she ought to confine it, his servant replied that the only way she imagined this could be done was to put it in the washhouse and "whummle a tub on it." Sir Walter laughed heartily at this, and remarked, "Quite right, my lassie. Whummle the tub on 't—whummle the tub on 't."

Of all men, sailors are probably the most superstitious. The other day, when the Channel Squadron put to sea, a number of men took French leave of their ships and preferred to remain ashore because Old Moore had predicted a great naval disaster in the month of October. Of course, they will have to pay dearly for deserting rather than go to sea. They knew this when they remained ashore, but they decided to ruin their service careers rather than go against Old Moore. Great is the power of the prophets.



Jack, a fox-terrier, and Billy, a gazelle, accompanied the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment to the front in the Soudan in January last. The latter soon came to an untimely end, nothing but his collar, with his name engraved on it, being found in the desert. Jack went through the campaign, and twice made the journey from Alexandria to the Soudan and back, travelling over five thousand miles by rail, boat, and on the march. He was present on a gunboat when the gunboat fleet engaged and destroyed the forts on Tati Island and at Omdurman on Sept. 1. He disembarked, and returned to the battalion about an hour before the first shot was fired in the battle before Khartoum on the following morning. He took great interest in the fight, and frequently ran out of the zeriba to bark at the advancing Dervishes, and, on his own account, had a fight with another dog he found inside the zeriba. He accompanied the battalion on its march to Khartoum after the first attack was defeated, and took part in the ensuing second fight, and finally arrived in Omdurman in the evening, after a very hot and tiring day. He attended the Gordon memorial service at Khartoum on Sept. 4, being the only dog present, accompanied the British Division on its triumphal march through Omdurman the following morning, visited the Mahdi's tomb, and returned north with his battalion next day. He kept very fit the whole time, though he felt the heat very much, and was a source of great amusement to officers and men during the long and weary wait in the desert in the summer.

Miss Jenny Atkinson possesses a fine contralto voice, which for some years has been heard to advantage in Northumberland and Durham; but she has now decided to make her home in London, where, I have no doubt, she will attain as great a popularity as she enjoyed in the North of England. Other members of her family have proved that they also

possess an artistic instinct, her brother, Mr. John Atkinson, of Newcastle, having achieved more than a local reputation for his paintings, which have been shown at several exhibitions.

It is difficult to credit the statement that Don Carlos has sold the Château of Frohsdorf to the Emperor of Austria. That historic house ought to be too full of pathetic interest to a French Royalist pretender for him to entertain any thought of parting with it. But it is a costly matter to keep up pretensions to two thrones, and it may be that the Duke of Madrid would appreciate the substantial purchase-money which



MISS JENNY ATKINSON.
Photo by Weston, Newgate Street, E.C.

Frohsdorf would command. It is said that the Emperor Francis Joseph has bought the place as a residence for his favourite daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, and her husband the Archduke Franz Salvator. It would be a very advantageous residence for any member of the Imperial family, since it is little more than an hour from Vienna, and not very far from the Hungarian frontier.

Frohsdorf is best known to the present generation as having been for many years the residence of the late Comte de Chambord. It is odd to reflect that a house whose associations for more than half a century have been purely Royalist and Legitimist was formerly the refuge of a Bonaparte—Caroline, Napoleon's sister, who lived there during the Restoration. She sold it to the Russian General Yermoloff, from whom it was purchased in 1839 by the Duc de Blacas. By him it was sold five years later to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

Before her death, she had the curious experience of receiving at Frohsdorf the Empress Marie Louise, Napoleon's callous and flighty widow. The house never belonged to the Comte de Chambord, the Duchesse d'Angoulême having left it to his wife, who bequeathed it to Don Carlos, who still possesses it, if the Austrian Emperor has not by this time succeeded him. The Comte de Paris, the head of the Opportunist House of Orléans, was the natural heir of the Duc de Bordeaux, who had assumed the title of Comte de Chambord upon being presented, early in life, with that interesting but unwieldy monument the Château de Chambord, which is among the most attractive sights in Touraine. At length the heirship was formally recognised, and now there is only one Bourbon claimant to the throne of France, since the pretensions of Don Carlos are not and never can be serious.

Frohsdorf is a big, barrack-like house, whitewashed without, and of no style of architecture whatever. It dates from the middle of last

century, and the only touch of royalty about its exterior is a shield bearing the lilies of France placed over the principal entrance. The place contains many souvenirs of the old régime, among them one of the famous white plumes of Henri Quatre ("Press where ye see my white

plume shine amidst the ranks of war," as Macaulay makes him say at Ivry), and the shoes which Louis Quatorze wore at his coronation.

I have already described the operations of the London Sketch Club. Herewith I give samples of posters done by the members.



The reconciliation of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt to his son and heir, Cornelius Vanderbilt junior, which has just been effected through the instrumentality of Mrs. H. Payne Whitney and the infant son of Cornelius Vanderbilt junior, ends a feud which had completely disintegrated New York society. When W. H. Vanderbilt died,

at Yale, a few years ago, Cornelius Vanderbilt junior became recognised as the future head of the Vanderbilt house, until he incensed his father by marrying, in August, 1896, Miss Grace Wilson, the daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson, a Colorado millionaire, whose son and eldest daughter are now married to Miss Caroline Astor and Mr. Ogden Goelet. This flagrant breach of filial duty was such a shock to Mr. Vanderbilt that he was struck with paralysis, from which he has never quite recovered. However, aside from this, the immediate result of this direct contravention of his father's wishes was disinheritance with the solitary million dollars left to Cornelius Vanderbilt junior under the will of his grandfather. During the two years which have passed since the wedding, desperate efforts have been made by Mr. Chauncey Depew, Mrs. William Astor, and Mrs. Payne Whitney to remove the difference between father and son, and not only were their overtures rejected by Mr. Vanderbilt, but his obduracy created a schism in the circles of New York society.

The Astors, the Goelets, and the Belmonts—the first two families being allied to the Wilsons, while the Belmonts are related to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt — deemed themselves slighted by the attitude of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and, in consequence, espoused the cause of the young couple; while the relations of the Vanderbilt house, the Shepards, the Webbs, the Sloanes, the Twombles, and the Vanderbilts themselves, obeyed the wishes of the outraged millionaire. Mrs. Payne Whitney, however, did not relax her endeavours, and she welcomed the birth of the infant son to Cornelius Vanderbilt junior with renewed hope. Her discrimination proclaimed it as the only possible peace-maker, and she was correct.

This story comes to me from Devonshire, but it strikes me as being pretty old. A village artist and sculptor, who lately was commissioned to re-decorate the interior of a small village church, upon being asked by the irate vicar why in the world he had represented the cherubim and the seraphim with great tears rolling down their plaster cheeks, replied, with childlike simplicity, that, according to his prayer-book, both the cherubim and the seraphim were wont to cry continually.



Last week the poultry enthusiasts were in full force at the Crystal Palace, when the National Poultry and Pigeon Show brought together more than seven thousand exhibits. The scene was extraordinary. Imagine innumerable pens crowded with poultry and pigeons. Huge turkeys gobbling, as is their wont, geese gabbling as hard as they could, cocks crowing, pigeons calling, made the noise indescribable, and the odour was more suggestive of the farmyard than of some bank "whereon the wild thyme grows." The pigeons were very lovely, and the prices were enough to make the average man stare. Five hundred pounds seemed to be considered a reasonable price to ask for rare specimens, and it can only be suggested that proprietors put a prohibitive price upon their birds in order that they may not be sold. The breeds of rabbits are certainly improving, and very many of those shown at Sydenham were bigger than the average hare. I yield to no man in my admiration of poultry, but I like to see it in single editions, and not in battalions, and I like to see the single editions on the dining-table, very nicely cooked. None the less, it is impossible to remain uninterested in the exhibits. One of the most notable features of the exhibition is the evidence of development in "colouring-foods." Fanciers have at last found methods

of changing the colour of a bird's plumage by judicious feeding, and I was told by a stranger, who seemed to know what he was talking about, that it is easy to brighten the plumage of the most sober denizens of the farmyard. Altogether, the poultry seemed to be happy as well as lively, and to take no thought of Christmas looming in the distance.

Lovers of literature turned churchwards on Tuesday, All Saints' Day, when a reredos in memory of Christina Rossetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square, which she attended, was unveiled by Dr. Westcott, the Bishop of Durham. It consists of a series of paintings by the late Sir E. Burne-Jones. In the pavement in front of the memorial a marble tablet is fixed, with the following inscription—

The above paintings, designed by the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., are dedicated to the glory of God and in loving memory of Christina Georgina Rossetti, who worshipped in this church, and fell asleep in Jesus December 29th, 1894. "Give me the lowest place."

Another marble tablet will be placed in the pavement, with the following—

In loving memory of three sisters who worshipped in this church, Mary (widow of Gabriele Rossetti, and mother of Dante Gabriele and Christina Georgina Rossetti), died April 8th, 1886, aged 85; Charlotte Lydia Polidori, died January 8th, 1890, aged 87; Eliza Harriett Polidori, died June 4th, 1893, aged 83. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives."

A little time before the appearance of Charles Kingsley's historical romance "Westward Ho!" there were few towns more



PANEL FOR THE REREDOS IN MEMORY OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

obscure than Bideford, in North-Devon. The foreman of the last tobacco-merchant had retired to Bristol, and transferred that branch of trade to the now famous house of Wills. The shipping interest of the Torridge had sunk to the limits of a small fishing fleet at Appledore. The craving for playgrounds by the sea was satisfied by places within two hours' rail from town. Suddenly the boisterous patriotism and somewhat intolerant Protestantism of the reverend romancer, joined to the great literary merits of the story, drew attention to what has since come to be known as "Kingsley Country," and ere long a siding from Exeter made it accessible to passengers either from Paddington or from Waterloo. Ilfracombe, too, was connected, and since then a light line has been opened which scales by dizzy zigzags the cliffs of Lynton. Lastly, a medium-gauge railroad has been projected to Clovelly.

Accordingly, the north-west corner of Devon is being gradually occupied by retired officers from the services, and others, who form a cultured yet inexpensive society—a friendly colony who may be remote, but are by no means either solitary or slow. There is a good school—ask Mr. Rudyard Kipling—and Westward Ho! possesses golf-links hardly inferior to those of Sandwich or St. Andrews. Shooting,

salmon-fishing, yachting, and fox-hunting are obtainable; rents, rates, and prices are singularly moderate; the tradespeople are both obliging and enterprising; and the air is more bracing than that of Sidmouth or Torquay, yet never keen. The winters are abridged by the constant action of the Gulf Stream.

The death of Lady Martin, though long anticipated, produced, for the most part, very poor biographies of her. The one which appeared in these pages was as full as any I have seen. I am indebted to Mr. Ralph Darlington, of Llangollen (who issues such excellent guides), for this picture of Lady Martin's house, Bryntysilio, in the Vale of Llangollen.



LADY MARTIN.

How far will the "personally conducted" business go, I wonder? Some months ago, a circular emanating from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, set forth the particulars of some "remarkable expeditions" which the enterprising promoter had arranged. Quite the most remarkable and least commendable was "a lion and rhinoceros hunting party in Somaliland," to be led by Mr. Seton Karr, who is tolerably well known as a big-game shot. This precious expedition, I see, has actually started. The decreasing remnant of large game in Africa will disappear fast enough before the rifles of men who have the push and independence to organise their own expeditions; but their last hours are not far distant if travel-agents and sportsmen, who ought to know better, band themselves together to dry-nurse gilded 'Arries who haven't the courage or backbone to make their own way into a game-country. Half the credit attaching to possession of a lion-skin or rhinoceros-horn is derived from the difficulties and annoyances that must be overcome by patience, tact, and endurance ere the sportsman has even a chance of using his rifle. Smooth away these obstacles by placing yourself in the hands of an advertising travel-agent and "well-known sportsman and explorer," for whose services, &c., you pay six hundred guineas, and what should be sport becomes slaughter made easy for one party to the contract and profitable to the other. The "remarkable expedition" has my heartiest wishes for its unqualified failure.

A very different expedition is that on which Mr. W. Ogilvie Grant and a party of naturalists started last week. These gentlemen are bound for Socotra, the large island which lies off the extreme easterly point of Africa, like a fragment of Somaliland floated 150 miles out to sea. For a few weeks more Socotra can boast being the largest island in the world of whose animals practically nothing is known. Eighteen years ago, Professor Balfour made a botanical expedition to the island, and, in addition to numerous specimens interesting to his own department of science, brought back examples of nine new species of birds—just enough to make zoology want more.

From shipboard Socotra appears a high, mountainous ridge, smothered as to its lower slopes with forest; the island is seventy-two miles long



BRYNTYSILIO, THE HOUSE WHERE LADY MARTIN DIED.

Photo by Ralph Darlington, Llangollen.

by twenty-two miles in greatest breadth, so there is reason to suppose that large animals in plenty will be found there, unless the population, people of Arab descent, are of too resolutely sporting character to allow the survival of such.

This Guernsey cow, Bon Espoir V., won the first prize and Lord Mayor's Cup in the recent milking trials at the London Dairy Show.



BON ESPOIR V., A GUERNSEY COW THAT IS A CHAMPION MILKER.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

She has also carried off several other first prizes this year. Naturally, her owner, Mr. E. A. Hambro, is proud of her.

The other night I called on a friend who lives in a flat in the West-End. I could hardly hear him speaking, for the noise in the street below was incessant. He told me that the traffic hardly ever stopped, but declared that it soothed him. He has since sent me his creed as follows—

The 'buses pass my window when the hour of twelve has struck,
And the hansoms keep on tripping through the night.
I can hear the point-policeman greet the much-belated buck,
When the stars have almost vanished out of sight.
But I slumber all seraphic
In the boom of all that traffic,
And forget the paragraphic
Reams I write.

There is music in the toddle of the hansom horses' feet,
And the rumble of the 'buses ne'er repels;
For a wheel that's tyred with rubber is as nothing in a street
That is paved with little wooden parallels.
It's like waves upon the shingle
When the endless hansoms mingle,
And I'm cradled by the jingle
Of the bells.

There's the hansom for the bachelor returning from his club
(And he hasn't got a trouble that can cark);
There's the growler that has lingered unattended at the "pub.,"
And it trundles homeward (empty) in the dark.
So the cab (that's scandalising)
Is as briskly enterprising
When the ploughboy thinks of rising
With the lark.

When I waken in the morning I am greeted by the boom
Of the 'buses that have long begun to jog,
And the brewers' drays are toiling in the grey November gloom,
There are miles of hansoms shadowed in the fog.
And the City man is driving,
For the "House" is just arriving,
And the busy bees are living,
All agog.

The outbreak of Plague in Vienna has frightened all Europe, and, now that the terrible scourge has come nearer home, we may be more interested in the decision of the Indian Government to investigate the disease. Dr. Alnröth Wright, Professor of Pathology at Netley Hospital, has left for India, his mission being to see if science can find a cure. For years past he has been studying the treatment of diphtheria, typhoid, and Malta fever by inoculation, and the success which he and other scientists have already achieved in these directions has led him to hope that similar treatment may be effectual for the Plague. When typhoid broke out at Maidstone with such terrible consequences, he was in charge of a number of doctors, who, towards the end of the outbreak, inoculated patients, with surprisingly good results. Now it is poor, suffering India's turn to reap whatever benefit science can give. The events in Vienna show that, in going to India on such a mission, Dr. Wright runs the gravest of personal risks.

From Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, I have received these lines, "written on the portrait of Mrs. Curzon in *The Sketch* of Aug. 17, 1898"—

A Western flower plucked by no weak hand
To shed a perfume o'er the perfumed East.
Faith, Hope, and Charity, that lovely band,
Are here at once in one sweet face express.
Oh, may the power true beauty doth command
Be used to spread around those virtues three;
May Charity and Faith go hand in hand,
And with new Hope make toiling millions free!

As a protest, perhaps, against the saddening influences of "dark November," our civic dignitaries this month prepare for their mightiest blaze of colours. During the last few days the new liveries for the Lord Mayor have been on view at the establishment of Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Ludgate Hill. The State coats are made of rich "Genoa" purple silk-velvet, splendidly embroidered in double gold lace, while the Semi-State coats are of blue "refine" cloth mounted and figured with gold. The undress liveries are of black "refine" cloth. The cocked-hats, adorned with gold lace and ostrich-feathers, are another feature of the gorgeous display. This year the firm in question have supplied both Sheriffs, one Under-Sheriff, and the Lord Mayor with all their liveries. Fine workmanship and taste have combined to make a brave show.

In spite of the recent attempt to "explode" the Gunpowder Plot, and to whitewash the grimy Guido Faux, one may fall back upon a contemporary account given by a famous Scot. John Barclay—son of William Barclay, the Scotchman, who migrated to France, filled the Chair of Law at Angers, and wrote a celebrated treatise, "*De Potestate Papæ*"—was a youth at the time of the plot, and had just won favour with James I. by a Latin poem on that monarch's coronation. He is known to fame chiefly by his "*Argenis*," one of the best political romances ever written, and by his "*Euphormio*," a quasi-historical satire, which was dedicated to James. Bound up with this is to be found a tract styled "*Conspiratio Anglicana*," the full title of which is "*Account of the divinely discovered Parricide planned and laid against the thrice greatest King and Kingdom of Britain on the Nones of November of 1605, written in that very November, and now at last published.*" In five and a-half closely printed octavo pages Joannes Barclaius tells his tale of the Gunpowder Treason.

As Barclay distinctly states that his narrative was written "*illo ipso Novembri*," it is important to record that the account in comparatively recent editions of the "*Student's Hume*" (the popular abridgment of Hume) was a literal translation of the Latin in all the descriptive portions of the story. Hume's thirty-six barrels of gunpowder are in Barclay thirty-two, but the wood and the faggots, the search and discovery of Fawkes, are identically the same, as are, too, the terms of the letter to Montaquilius (Lord Mounteagle), and the latter's report "*ad Nobilissimum Salisburyensem Comitem*," styled "*Hic fidelissimus et sagacissimus Purpuratus*." There is a little flattery of the King in the words "You might say that this document had more meaning to him than to the others." Fawkes is not "an officer in the Spanish service," but "a man fetched from the Spanish Netherlands, who, *born in England*, had for twelve years been aiding the Spaniards." "*Thomas Percius et Catsbeyus*" are faithful renderings of the familiar names. The



"WE ARE SEVEN": CHILDREN MASQUERADE AS GUNPOWDER PLOTTERS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

identity of this with the popular version is strengthened by the facts that the elder Barclay was a Catholic, and had recalled his son to France to preserve him in his faith. John Barclay, it should be added, had been educated by the Jesuits, and died at Rome. Thus his version of the Gunpowder Treason is biased not by a Protestant, but by a Roman Catholic.

THE RIVAL MUSKETEERS.

"Under which King, D'Artagnan? Speak or die!"—Is it under King Hamilton at the Globe you would serve, or under King Grundy, at Her Majesty's Theatre, or do you remain the Musketeers of Dumas, and refuse to serve the perfidious children of Albion? The question is not easy. Who is to decide which of the English playwrights has done justice to his theme, if either? Perhaps the truth is that Mr. Hamilton has used the novel in order to get an effective story, and Mr. Grundy in search of local colour and a picturesque period, and that each has succeeded to some extent. There is more story in one act of "The Three Musketeers" at the Globe than the whole of "The Musketeers" at Her Majesty's; and there is more Dumas colour in the second tableau of the Grundy version than in all the Hamilton pieces. So you may take your choice—may go in for splendid scenery, gorgeous dresses, and ingenious scraps of melodrama, or content yourself with a setting, in which all is decent and in order, of an effective, almost thrilling, blood-and-thunder play. What Dumas would have said of the two versions, I think, may be guessed easily. After visiting the two theatres, he would have used Mercutio's phrase, "A plague o' both your houses," and his indignation when he found that Mr. Grundy, deeming the novel inadequate, had tacked on two scenes of his own, would have produced a "frightfully thrilling" controversy.

It is curious to see how differently two playwrights of experience, who, presumably, have written each in ignorance of the ideas of the other, have treated the novel. Both have found it necessary to provide the hero with a chaste sweetheart, and convert Madame Bonacieux into a *jeune fille à marier*—a piece of Britannie prudery which would have staggered the great Alexandre; and yet both, after this concession to the virtuous, have found the bedroom scene—which, when I was a schoolboy, used to be deemed deliciously improper (by the other boys)—quite irresistible. On the other hand, Mr. Hamilton has followed the book to the extent of introducing D'Artagnan to the bedroom of Miladi disguised as the Comte de Wardes, but has made him actuated by the most honourable motives; in fact, at the Globe, when Miladi is caressing the young man, he utters a remark which reminds one of Droz's famous lines, "Mon Dieu protège moi—mais pas trop." Mr. Grundy, however, permits our young friend simply to visit her as a lover, and causes the discovery of the *fleur-de-lis* to be due to the amazing indiscretion of the lady's dress, which on a trifling clutch reveals the fearful secret that her flesh has the peculiar quality of turning black and remaining black when burnt. The Buckingham and Anne scene is much the same in each play, and so, too, the Cardinal and King in their plottings and suspicions—and, I fear one must add, their tediousness—resemble one another in both houses.

It is the extremes that do not meet, for Mr. Grundy starts with a prologue showing how Miladi came to be branded—with somebody's "indelible marking-ink," I imagine—and for this there is no warrant in the tale; while at the Globe D'Artagnan makes a prompt appearance. The entry of Mr. Tree on the famous horse was most effective, though the gee-gee was not made up to look thin enough. Indeed, Tableau No. 2 at Her Majesty's is a very deft piece of work, suggesting capitally the young Gascon fire-eater and woman-worshipper, and Mr. Tree caught the tone brilliantly. The last act of the latest version is somewhat staggering: as a revenge, no doubt, for Dumas' daring violations of history, Mr. Grundy causes a trial of Miladi on a charge of life and death to be conducted by the King, as a diversion for the guests at a public ball. Miladi is pardoned: think of that, Alexandre; think of your grimly impressive death-scene of the fiend being turned merely into an opportunity for D'Artagnan to utter a gallant, neatly turned phrase! Felton is in evidence at the Globe, and admirably played by Mr. Williamson; but at the Haymarket D'Artagnan doubles the parts to some extent, and listens while Miladi tells him the tale of her dishonour by the infamous and quaintly conceived stratagem of Buckingham. There is a humour in Mr. Grundy's handling of this scene which may have escaped his notice.

However, there must be an end to this comparative study of the two

pieces, both of which won hearty applause from crowded houses; indeed, I may have been over-nice in detail already concerning works interesting because of the prodigious anticipatory fuss made about them rather than on account of their dramatic or artistic value. Certainly, to make a comparative study of the acting would be a graceless task. There is brilliant, bad, and indifferent playing in both cases. Some will prefer the D'Artagnan of Mr. Tree, with its airy touch of Gascon humour; others prefer the saturnine art of Mr. Waller; of Mr. Esmond's performance I cannot speak—even duty cannot force one to three performances in three weeks. The Miladi of Miss Florence West is a powerful piece of acting, and that of Mrs. Brown-Potter fascinates some people. Neither of the Buckinghams is good enough to efface the recollection of another Buckingham, of the exquisite performance of Mr. Forbes Robertson in "Henry VIII." As D'Artagnan's maiden sweetheart, Miss Eva Moore acts delightfully at the Globe. The Queen's part is hardly one to be sought after, but it gives Mrs. Tree some chance of showing her grace and dignity of style. One cannot pretend to apply duly assorted adjectives to the two sets of Musketeers, who bear themselves gallantly and are thick with character-colour. The Cardinal of Mr. McLeay assuredly is an admirable piece of acting. What will be the upshot? More Musketeers threaten London, and adaptations of other novels of Dumas are in the wind. It is to be hoped that some of our dramatists will hold aloof and aim at higher things than melodrama with a flavour of history.

OUR YOUNGEST -
DRAMATISTS.

It is perhaps but fitting that our young dramatists, Mr. Harold Ellis and Mr. Paul Rubens, should go back to one of the oldest for the *idée mère* of their play, "Young Mr. Yarde," now running at the Royalty. Nor do I make the remark as a reproach. Hundreds, or thousands, of plays will yet be written and amuse the public founded on the humours caused by mistakes of identity, and there is plenty of room for originality in handling these humours. Certainly the position of Mr. Yarde is truly comical when he finds himself compelled to fight a duel if he admits that a photograph of his valet masquerading in his clothes and kissing Middle. Ruze represents himself, or to lose his sweetheart if he denies it. Fortunately for the young authors, love is more powerful in Yarde's case than cowardice. The duel scene, with its picture of Yarde's efforts to "bluff" his adversary into giving or accepting an apology, and his endeavours, when this fails, to bear himself like a man, though he does not mean to behave as one, offers Mr. Weedon Grossmith a chance of giving a really brilliant piece of acting, and of this he takes full advantage. No

Bob Acres that I can remember; no Viola in encounter with Sebastian, has shown so finely as he the struggle with intense fear of death and desire to avoid its exhibition.

The play shows the difficulty which comes from setting your scene in France and introducing English as well as French characters. One has Frenchmen conversing in broken English with one another, Englishmen talking "pidgin" French to the French, and French speaking perfect English and also perfect French. It seems a little difficult to reconcile all this, but it really does not matter very much, because the standard of probability of the piece is not high enough for such inconsistencies to seem very improbable. The actual hub of the intrigue is a curious instance of the licence taken by the playwright with the affairs of human life. Young Yarde's rich tradesman-uncle leaves him £8000 a-year and a "dry-goods" shop, on condition that he is to forfeit all unless he attends every day, except feast-days and a week in August, at the shop; we are asked to believe that such a condition is binding, and that, in fact, he cannot sell the shop. I suppose that the humour of his position as one who loathes trade, yet must serve as shopkeeper, excuses the impossibility of the proposition; but the audience is left to imagine the humour, since, as a matter of fact, we do not see Mr. Yarde in the shop. This is a pity. How often authors fail to see the true humours of their subjects!

Much of the acting is very good. The two Grossmiths cause roars of laughter, and Miss May Palfrey is charming as the heroine. Nor should the very clever comic work of Mr. H. de Langé and the acting of Mr. Sydney Warden be overlooked.



MISS MARGARET RUBY IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" RUN RIOT.

While we have been defying France over Fashoda, we have been embracing her over Fiction, for within one week two versions of Dumas' famous novel, "The Three Musketeers" (first published in 1844), have been produced—Mr. Henry Hamilton's, at the Globe, and Mr. Sydney Grundy's, at Her Majesty's. After my discussion of the plays, let me touch on some kindred points.

Let me begin with George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, round whom the story largely centres. Born a commoner, he was created

The Real Buckingham. a marquis in 1618, and a duke five years later. On Aug. 23, 1628, he was stabbed to the heart by John Felton (whom Dumas makes the Huguenot dupe of Miladi) at the Spotted Dog, No. 10, High Street, Portsmouth, which now stands next to the offices of the School Board. The Duke had engaged the house in order to superintend more efficiently the arrangements for the second expedition to the relief of the Huguenots of La Rochelle, who were then closely besieged by the whole force of the French monarchy under Cardinal Richelieu. Buckingham himself eagerly pressed forward the embarkation of the troops, being on fire to retrieve with honour the disastrous attempt on the Isle of Rhé which he had made in the preceding year. Charles the First's reluctant consent to the Petition of Right had been rewarded with a grant of five subsidies from Parliament; but the debates in the House of Commons, wherein Buckingham was openly charged as the cause of all the King's misgovernment, had, no doubt, done something to intensify the general hatred of the favourite. He had received several warnings of the danger he incurred in going to Portsmouth, and on Aug. 23, 1628, he was stabbed to the heart by John Felton, who had served as Lieutenant in the expedition to the Isle of Rhé. The murderer fearlessly avowed the deed, declaring that he had been actuated simply by patriotic and religious zeal, and such was the general relief at Buckingham's death that by many Felton was exalted into a hero. So, at least, runs the plain historical account, but an imaginative halo has been cast around the incident, and to lovers of Dumas, Felton and Buckingham, assassin and victim alike, are but stepping-stones in the pathway of "Madame," whose sinister career is at length to end as tragically as those of the victims who fell relentlessly before her.

The Musketeers, D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, usually regarded as products of the imagination pure and simple, have all existed in the flesh. D'Artagnan's career is set forth in detail in a curious old book, "*Mémoires de M. D'Artagnan, capitaine-lieutenant de la première compagnie des mousquetaires du roi*," published at Cologne in 1700. It was from this book, a copy of which is preserved in the National Library at Paris, that Dumas drew most of the material for his famous romance. The compiler, whose name does not appear on the title-page, but who is believed to have been Sandras de Courtilz, states in the preface that he has merely put together a quantity of disconnected matter found among D'Artagnan's papers after his death. It is, of course, impossible to say how much of the "*Mémoires*" was actually written by D'Artagnan, but the plain, straightforward fashion in which events are narrated certainly suggests the soldier rather than the littérateur. D'Artagnan does not trouble the reader with any account of his early years, because, he frankly says, there is nothing interesting about them. "Suffice it," he continues, "to say that I was born a gentleman of good family; but that is of little advantage to me, since birth is purely a matter of chance, or rather, of divine Providence." The departure of D'Artagnan from the paternal home at the early age of fifteen, mounted on a "nag worth twenty-two francs," is set forth very much as we find it in the novel. His parents, the Gascon says, were so poor that they could give him only ten crowns to begin the world upon; but, on the other hand, they gave him a great deal of valuable advice. His misadventure at Meung, his arrival at the house of his compatriot, M. de Treville; his encounters with the Cardinal's guards, and his friendship with Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, are all recorded in the "*Mémoires*." D'Artagnan says little more of the three musketeers than that they were brothers, and Gascons like himself. Porthos, he says, was "*voisin de mon père de deux ou*

trois lieues." Of their individualities he gives very little idea. They appear to have been very much like other musketeers. Aramis is the hero of a distinctly coarse incident in connection with a duel. Athos disguises himself as a country notary to help forward a scheme of D'Artagnan's. On another page he appears under circumstances which certainly do not bear out his reputation as a despoiler of the sex. Porthos is only once or twice referred to. All three appear to have passed out of D'Artagnan's life within a very few years of his first meeting with them. On the other hand, there are plenty of anecdotes of M. de Besmaux, who afterwards became Governor of the Bastille, and figures as such in the "*Vicomte de Bragelonne*." D'Artagnan gives a detailed account of his intrigue with "Miladi," and his personation of the Comte de Wardes, which his biographer calls a *plaisant stratagème*. Other amourettes play a conspicuous part in the "*Mémoires*," but there is no trace of Madame Bonacieux, nor is there any mention of the diamond pendants. D'Artagnan does not appear to have had any intercourse with Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, or Cardinal Richelieu, except one interview with the King, who praised him for killing some of the Cardinal's men and made him a present of fifty louis. Part of this the prudent Gascon invested in a coat, and the rest he put by, "*sachant qu'il faut garder une poire pour la soif*." Late in life he married a lady who turned out to be a perfect demon of jealousy, and soon made his life a burden to him. Finally, she retired into a convent and he never saw her again. The "*Mémoires*" close with the brief announcement that D'Artagnan was killed at the siege of Maestricht. Mr. H. S. Nichols, in view of the immense interest that "*The Three Musketeers*" has awakened, has just issued an edition of the "*Mémoires*," translated into English (for the first time) by Mr. Ralph Nevill. The first volume, which has just appeared, tells us something (in the preface) about Sandras. He was born at Montargis in 1644, and became a Captain in the Regiment de Champagne. Curiously enough, like his hero, he was well acquainted with Holland. He returned to France after a long absence in 1694, only to spend nine years in the Bastille. Admirers of Dumas' romances will add this book to their collection. I may add that Messrs. Routledge

have just issued a shilling edition of "*The Three Musketeers*" with some very clever illustrations on wood by a French artist.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH BUCKINGHAM WAS MURDERED.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

There have been many stage versions of Dumas' novel—four this year alone. One of the earliest in English was the adaptation by Charles Rice, comedian, entitled "*The Three Musketeers*;" or, "*The Queen, the Cardinal, and the Adventurer*," produced at Manchester (August 1850) with that most accomplished and versatile actor Charles Dillon in the part of D'Artagnan. Mrs. C. Dillon was Anne of Austria; Miss Mortimer, Lady de Winter; and Miss A. Harcourt, Constance. In this adaptation, the play, which was in three acts, began with the arrival of the intrepid Gascon at the Jolly Miller Inn, and concluded with the grand State Ball, at which function the missing diamond-studs came to light through D'Artagnan's valour and astuteness, the Cardinal was discomfited, the King and Queen were reconciled, the Musketeers enjoyed a triumph, and the conspirators, including Miladi, were punished. In this scene Athos owns Miladi as his wife, and the dramatic execution of the adventuress designed by the great romancer is naturally entirely eliminated from the play, which, indeed, is a standing proof, if proof were needed, of the impossibility of dramatising this wonderful novel as a whole. Charles Dillon brought the play to London, and, since he gave it at the Lyceum in October 1856, I cannot find that it has ever been played in the Metropolis. From a notice in the *Times* (Oct. 18, 1856), I gather that the drama was re-christened the "*King's Musketeers*," and Dillon's rendering of the Gascon, with his sword "*Bobadillo*," elicited warm praise. In this production, Miss Woolgar (the wife of the unfortunate Alfred Mellon) was Constance; Mrs. Weston, Miladi; and Mrs. Buckingham White, a lady whom many of us remember at the old Prince of Wales's in the early days of the Baneroff management. Anne of Austria. I find the names of Charles Dillon and Augustus Harris (the father of the late knight) associated with that of C. Rice as authors of the Lyceum production, and it would therefore appear probable that it differed somewhat from the play produced at Manchester in 1850.

THE DEAR OLD "SORCERER," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM (THE VETERAN OF THE SAVOY, WHOSE CHARM NEVER GOES) AS LADY SANGAZURE.

Sir, I thank you most politely for your graceful courtesee; compliment more truly knightly never yet was paid to me!



MRS. PARTLETT (MISS M'ALPINE), AND SIR MARMADUKE (MR. JONES HEWSON).

Sir Marmaduke: No high-born, exacting beauty, blazing like a jewelled sun—but a wife who'll do her duty, as that duty should be done!



MRS. PARTLETT, CONSTANCE (MISS EMMIE OWEN), AND DR. DALY (MR. H. A. LYTTON).

Constance: Dear friends, take pity on my lot; my cup is not of nectar! I long have loved—as who would not?—our kind and reverend rector.



ALEXIS (MR. EVETT) SIGNING THE MARRIAGE REGISTER WITH ALINE (MISS RUTH VINCENT).

Notary: All is prepared for sealing and for signing; the contract has been drafted as agreed. Approach the table, oh ye lovers!

MR. GILBERT'S MAJORITY AS A SAVOYARD.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Next week should be a great time at the Savoy Theatre, for the 17th of this month marks the majority of Mr. Gilbert's work as a Savoyard, and the 18th is his sixty-second birthday, for he was born in Southampton Place, Strand, within a stone's-throw of the theatre which rose on his peculiar genius in 1836. Twenty-one years of Savoy opera—that means a great deal. Indeed, some of us think that Savoy opera is the most characteristic and distinctive product of the Victorian Theatre—not great, perhaps, but well-defined and utterly unmistakable. Certain it is that the art of libretto was utterly unknown in this country before Mr. Gilbert's advent; so much so that not one man in a thousand remembers the name of a single other English librettist save Alfred Bunn, who has become immortalised by his incompetence.

We have now arrived at the stage when the average playgoer is less fascinated by Savoy opera than of old. It has dimly dawned on him that Mr. Gilbert's humour and outlook have their limitations; and, in consequence, he has sought substitutes for Savoyardism. With what result? Nothing has quite satisfied him. Musical comedy—an amorphous conglomeration of "literature," "music," and stage-management—is in a parlous state, perpetually changing its character in a vague endeavour to attain some shape which is capable of imitation and repetition. Mr. Edwards seemed to have fixed at last on a formula in "The Geisha," but in the case of "A Greek Slave" it has not solved the problem, for that piece has changed considerably since its production four months ago. Even Mr. D'Oyly Carte himself has



MISS EMMIE OWEN AS CONSTANCE.

experimented with other authors and composers than "G. and S.," requisitioning Mr. Pinero himself. The result has not been happy. After all has been said and done, after others have been tried and found wanting, Mr. Carte has actually gone back to the initial opera of the Savoy series, "The Sorcerer," which conjured fortune for him and fame for the school of work to which it belongs.

I have said that the managers are searching for a formula capable of being worked by different playwrights. That is the great drawback of Mr. Gilbert's method. It cannot be adopted by anybody save himself. I do not say it cannot be copied; the trouble is that it can be copied only, and not extended. The reason is obvious. Mr. Gilbert's work is peculiar to his genius, and that is not the common property of the average Englishman. His theory of topsy-turvy, analysed by the critics *ad nauseam*, is his own; his cynical treatment of sentiment is peculiar to himself among stage writers. But, in spite of all that, we have nothing to match the perfection of his work as a whole. In point of its rhyme mechanism it remains quite unequalled. Mr. Adrian Ross can write clever lyrics, but, as he does not contribute the entire libretto, they lose much of their value. Again, in Sir Arthur Sullivan, the greatest musical humorist this country has produced, Mr. Gilbert

has had a perfect twin, and the result has been what we know; the one separated from the other is of little avail.

Mr. Gilbert began his career as a stage writer in 1866, when he produced no fewer than three pieces—"Dulcamara," a burlesque at the



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS LADY SANGAZURE.



MISS RUTH VINCENT AS ALINE.

THE IMMORTAL JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS, THE SORCERER.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Oh! my name is John Wellington Wells, I'm a dealer in magic and spells, in blessings and curses, and ever-filled purses, in prophecies, witches, and knells.



Love-philtre—we've quantities of it; and for knowledge if anyone burns, we keep an extremely small prophet, a prophet who brings us unbounded returns.



We've a first-class assortment of magic; and for raising a posthumous shade, with effects that are comic or tragic, there's no cheaper house in the trade.



If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"—if you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—you've but to look in on our resident Djinn, number seventy, Simmery Aye!

"TRIAL BY JURY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

St. James's; "Allow Me to Explain," a farce at the Prince of Wales's; and "Highly Improbable," a farce at the Royalty. In 1867 he wrote "Harlequin Cock Robin," a pantomime for the Lyceum; and he produced his first operetta just thirty years ago in the shape of "No Cards," which was put on at the Gallery of Illustration in Lower Regent Street, now given over to the Dunlop Tyres. In 1874 he wrote an extravaganza called "Topsy-Turvy Tom" for the Criterion, and in 1876 "Trial by Jury" appeared at the Royalty, while on Nov. 17, 1877, "The Sorcerer" began to juggle at the Opera Comique, with Mr. Barrington as Dr. Daly, Mr. Grossmith as John Wellington Wells, and Miss Giulia Warwick as Constance. The opera was revived at the Savoy on Oct. 11, 1884, and again on Sept. 22 this year. The success of "The Sorcerer" resulted in the eleven other operas which we knew as "the Savoy." "H.M.S. Pinafore" was produced at the Opera Comique in 1878, "The Pirates of Penzance" in 1880, and "Patience" in 1881. On Oct. 10, 1881, the Savoy was opened—to seat 1292 people—and since then it has rarely been shut. "Iolanthe" saw the light in 1882, "Princess Ida" in 1884, "The Mikado"



THE PLAINTIFF (MISS ISABEL JAY) AND THE JUDGE (MR. LYTTON).

Gentle, simple-minded usher, get you, if you like, to Russher; put your briefs upon the shelf—I will marry her myself!

in 1885, "Ruddigore" in 1887, "The Yeomen of the Guard" in 1888, "The Gondoliers" in 1889, "Utopia Limited" in 1893, and "The Grand Duke" in 1896. Besides these, Mr. Gilbert wrote "The Mountebanks" with poor Cellier, and "His Excellency" with Dr. Osmond Carr, for the Lyric. In all, we are indebted to him in the last thirty-two years for sixty-two pieces—farce, comedy, opera.

Of his other plays, "Pygmalion and Galatea" remains the most popular, although an older generation of playgoers remember "Engaged," "Dan'l Druce," and "Sweethearts." Curiously enough, Mr. Gilbert's cunning seems to desert him when he tries to deal with real flesh-and-blood people. Though London has got a little tired of his method, in the way London has, Mr. Gilbert's hold in the provinces is still enormous. In fact, his audience is unique. Numberless people go to see a Savoy opera who never enter a theatre on any other pretext, and his entire audience is probably five times greater than that of any other living English dramatist. Hence does *The Sketch* congratulate him, still in full vigour, on having lived to see his majority as the one and only Savoyard.



THE DEFENDANT (MR. CORY JAMES), THE JUDGE, AND THE PLAINTIFF'S COUNSEL (MR. JONES HEWSON).

Picture, then, my client naming and insisting on the day: picture him excuses framing, going from her far away; doubly criminal to do so, for the maid had bought her trousseau!

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The situation at home and abroad is a curious and anomalous one, which repeats in its main features the events of sundry other historical periods of storm. Some of these squalls blew over; others ended in war. The Fashoda question seems to be solving itself by natural methods—that is to say, fever and dysentery, which have settled a good many military and political problems in the past. Perfect liberty to French officers to pass down the Nile, alive or dead, and a breakdown of the passenger service if they wish to return, will soon leave the tricolour waving alone in its swamp. But there is something more than Fashoda in the wind. The Paris papers are somewhat milder, and most of them seem to realise that, compensation or no compensation, Marchand's subordinates will soon have to follow Marchand. But our own Admiralty is, on the contrary, feverishly active at last, though it left the French spasm of preparation unanswered before. A formidable fleet assembles at Plymouth. The dockyards are busy everywhere. The fleets on foreign stations are making ready for action. All this means much more than Fashoda, much more than even the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

Possibly before these lines are in print the secret will be out. Perhaps the clue is given in the announcement of a French paper that M. Delcassé, to cover his retreat from Fashoda, has at last raised the whole Egyptian Question. Hitherto the discussion of this has been sedulously shirked by all Governments alike. England, while obviously intending to stay in occupation, could be confronted with her own past declarations of intention to withdraw at some undefined date. France, on the other hand, risked rousing a war, and could be countered with a pertinent *tu quoque* as to Tunis. And, what was more important, the many French holders of Egyptian bonds would never seriously wish to end an occupation that had saved them from ruin in the past and still kept up their securities at a high figure. If the French Foreign Office is now raising the Egyptian Question, there are endless possibilities of quarrel, and it is as well to be prepared.

Not that there can be, on the part of France, any desire to push matters to a crisis just now. Her Navy is in the throes of a reconstruction, and her Admirals do not altogether know where they are. Again, it would be well to wait till the Dreyfus Case is really settled before entering upon a policy which would throw great power into military hands. Russia, openly preaching peace and privately preparing war, needs time and money to carry out her huge naval programme; and the Russian Navy, in any case, is an unknown quantity. It has never beaten anybody but the Turks. It has never fought any really naval Power except Sweden. In a year or so, much that is now merely possibility and aspiration in the *Chancelleries* and dockyards of the Double Alliance may be visible and tangible in parchment and steel. Meanwhile, the Egyptian Question will afford inexhaustible opportunities for the worrying policy in which French diplomacy delights.

But suppose that the British Government, seeing through this little device, is resolved to meet it with a bold stroke? Suppose that Lord Salisbury, feeling all the country at his back, wielding a Navy previously unequalled in force and efficiency, sure of the friendly neutrality of all other nations than France and Russia, or perhaps of the alliance of some of the greatest Powers, is determined to lay once for all the spectre which France has raised, and place our position in Egypt on a firm, recognised, and permanent footing? Then the naval activity reported from all the dockyards of the Empire is very significant, and the situation becomes that of 1870 over again. Then, as now, the pretext for the quarrel was of small importance; nay, more, it was practically taken away before the quarrel broke out. But the war was not on account of the Hohenzollern candidature for Spain, withdrawn and soon forgotten altogether. It was the outcome of a long series of diplomatic contests, of national rivalries, of Press recriminations. Bismarck knew that German unity could only be fully achieved at the cost of a war with France. He also knew that for this war Germany was ready, and France was not. By more than questionable diplomatic proceedings he forced on the war at that time, seconded by French folly.

Nobody wishes to see Lord Salisbury falsify telegrams, even to gain all Africa; but there is undoubtedly a feeling abroad that England has now a chance in her way like that which the French offered Prussia in 1870. There is a long list of encroachments and rivalries to take account of. There are Newfoundland and Siam and Madagascar and the Niger. Fashoda is nothing in itself, but it is "an unfriendly act." "Do you bite your thumb at me, Sir?" "I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb." Then there is an anomalous and contradictory situation to clear up in Egypt. Finally, there is the old colonial and maritime struggle, surviving rather as an atavistic trait than for any real purpose, so far as France is concerned, seeing that France has no sons to spare for colonies, and is beginning to feel that "fewness of men" that marked the decay of ancient States.

The present is an excellent opportunity for settling the Egyptian Question. The trumps are in Lord Salisbury's hand—at Plymouth and elsewhere. If M. Delcassé asks for a declaration, perhaps his adversary will reply, "I declare—Protectorate." The only possible answers to that are, "I pass," or "I declare—War." The result in either case does not promise well, and the comment of the civilised world will be, "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!"

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriman (Smith, Elder), shows signs of greater power than anything Mr. Seton Merriman has yet written, although, on the whole, it is by no means his best book. The conception of the story is original, and, though not very clearly worked out, it attracts the jaded reader. It is, in brief, the formation of a corner in malgamite, the element necessary for the production of a certain kind of paper. It is discovered that malgamite can be produced very cheaply by a process deadly to the workers. A company is formed professedly to redress the state of the workers in malgamite, but really to make money at the cost of their lives. Various figures are involved in this company, and they are, for the most part, very ably and shrewdly drawn. Women, of course, come in, and Mr. Seton Merriman has created one character, a young madcap with her serious side, which is, perhaps, the best in the book. The ruthlessness of the German scientist is well pictured, and the fussy philanthropic peer is not amiss. I am not impressed with the hero, Major White. He is a Victoria Cross man, with next to no conversation; stupid, in fact, until there is danger. Danger acts upon him like wine. All his faculties awaken, and he is invariably victorious. He is amusing enough, but not at all convincing. One disappointment of the book is that Roden does not get his deserts. His accomplice is drowned, but he gets off scot-free through the kindness of the man who is engaged to his sister. We are given to understand that Miss Roden has great fascinations, but are not allowed to see them in exercise. On the whole, the book is very able, though it somewhat lacks brightness, and is even cynical now and then. In the books, too little known, which Mr. Merriman wrote with Mr. Tallentyre, there is a vivacity and tenderness which we do not find here, and which we miss. Mr. Seton Merriman, by the way, must be careful not to introduce too many moral reflections. At the end of almost every incident he says something which is intended to be sage; but, if he will tell his stories, his readers will be found equal to making their own reflections.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume, "The Day's Work" (Macmillan), is very hard reading. It is, besides, superfluous and belated. It is apparently written to prove that Mr. Kipling is supremely and egregiously clever. Most of us have come to that conclusion long ago, and are willing to have our opinion to that effect advertised in every newspaper at the publisher's expense. In fact, our trouble is that we sometimes think Mr. Kipling is a great deal too clever. After all, clever people do not see everything. The simple are often wiser than they, and, if Mr. Kipling could get rid of his cleverness and look at things with eyes that do not try to tear out their secret, he would do better work. It must be confessed, however, that there is some admirable stuff in this work, perhaps especially in "William the Conqueror." The book is full of facts about machinery and other things, and, if anybody really wants to know about locomotives and steamers and such things, he will pick up information. Still, if I wished to know—which I do not—I should find a technical manual much easier. A book like this must raise speculations on Mr. Kipling's future. Is he to turn out for the next forty years every year a bundle of stories like this, or is he to develop and add to the permanent literature of the world?

Some good things make their way but slowly; and I would ask for a second welcome to Mr. A. E. Housman's book of lyrics, "A Shropshire Lad" (Richards), now in its second edition, but still too little known. It appeared for the first time about two years ago, and had a hearty greeting from a few. But news of poetry doesn't travel with speed, unless the themes be sensational or patriotic; and I am sure there are many ready to enjoy and praise this most individual, most charming volume, as soon as it comes in their way. It is poetry of the open air, poetry of youth, and of youthful tragedy; and it makes more direct appeal to the heart than any other I have read for years. Mr. Housman feels the hue of his flowers is "not the wear." But he sows the seeds up and down, for the few of like fortunes who will know their meaning—

And fields will yearly bear them,
As light-leaved spring comes on,
And luckless lads will wear them
When I am dead and gone.

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, having shown us that the educated negro can write most creditable English verse, offers a book of prose sketches of negro character and manners, called "Folks from Dixie" (Bowden). The sketches are of various qualities, but there is at least one masterpiece of humour among them—"Anner 'Lizer." It is a tale of revival times, and it is difficult to say whether it is told out of sheer fun or in satire of the somewhat business-like tone that evidently is not absent from such exciting and emotional epochs. The heroine has the hardest possible task to "git 'ligion," though she is fervent and assiduous, and her credit in the meeting is at stake. There comes between her and her goal a circumstance that can only shock the unco guid. It was a very amiable and very human circumstance. Her lover, her frivolous, light-hearted, coon-hunting lover, was her stumbling-block. So, like a woman really in earnest, she puts the case straight to him. "I prays an' I prays, an' jes' as I's begin to heah de cha'iot wheels a-rollin', yo' face comes right in 'tween an' drives it all away. Tell me now, Sam, so's to put me out or my 'spense, does you want to ma'y me, er is you goin' to ma'y Phiny? I jes' wants you to tell me, not dat I keers pussonally, but so's my min' kin be at res' spi'tu'ally." Anner 'Lizer got religion early next morning, and Mr. Dunbar's simple talk of her struggle and triumph has won him the rank of a true humorist.

o. o.



A STUDY IN TIREDNESS.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Some very charming photographs are here reproduced from the Exhibition of the Photographic Salon at the Egyptian Hall. Mr. H. P. Robinson's "Noonday Shade," for example, shows just that quality of selection, rejection, and feeling which distinguishes the new from the



MR. KENNETH GRAHAME.—REGINALD CRAIGIE.
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon.

old photography. To catch a moment of nature when that moment appears to be the perpetuation of a thousand separate experiences, so that it does not seem momentary, but simply a single scene, is to accomplish a singular feat in photography. For this art, by its very conditions, deals with moments, separate, indistinguishable, and often trivial. That Mr. Robinson has succeeded in eliminating these distracting factors—and, of course, in such an exhibition he by no means stands alone, or even as an exception—is proof of difficulties overcome and of an artistic ideal in near approach.

Mr. Reginald Craigie's study of Mr. Kenneth Grahame is as true as it is convincing. Those who remember Mr. Grahame's work well will need have no provocation for a desire to possess such a study. "The Olympians," which first burst upon us some few years ago, remains a monumental work to the honour and glory of children, and his later studies in the same direction have all been distinguished by exceptional insight, delicacy of literary phrase, and the true sense of style. Mr. Henley has the credit for publishing those charming early essays, as he has for so many other discoveries of the same nature.

I have received from Messrs. Leggatt Brothers the proof of a wonderfully fine mezzotint which Mr. Scott Bridgwater has finished from the extraordinary picture by George Romney, "Portrait of Mrs. Townley Ward," in the possession of Lord Aldenham. It is certainly a possession well worth envying anybody's possession, for the wonderful beauty of pose, the elegance of gesture, the amazing vitality of expression, and the living feeling of reality which encompasses it. The picture gained a good deal of attention at a recent Guildhall Loan Exhibition to which it was lent by the owner. Mr. Bridgwater has assuredly worked miracles through his medium, and this may well be considered to be the finest plate he has so far presented to the public.

Mr. F. Wilfred Lawson's "Christ in the House of the Pharisee," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, has just been engraved in wood by Mr. W. Biscombe-Gardner, who has certainly accomplished

his work with fine skill and artistic feeling. The great softness of tone which is secured by the wood process makes the result not far short of exquisite, and persuades one into a passing regret for the modern and inevitably hasty processes of reproduction; it is some consolation, however, to remember that the wood-engraving which has been superseded by modern work was scarcely fifth cousin twice removed from the beautiful work of Mr. Biscombe-Gardner; and, after all, modern reproductive processes are, in their own way, very perfect. Still, it is well to be reminded of the noble artistic qualities which the highest form of wood-engraving possesses.

In face of the announcement that General Sir William Butler has just accepted the command of the troops in South Africa, in place of the late General Goodenough, it is interesting to remember something of the work in pictorial art of Lady Butler, who, of course, accompanies her husband to the Cape. And here is put to hand Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's account of the life and work of Lady Butler, which appears as the "Art Annual," the Christmas Number of the *Art Journal*. All her early years, it seems, were divided between Italy and England, and she was, as a young girl, practically educated by her father, who died in 1881.

Her first regular artistic studies were made in England, entering with other students upon the course of elementary design at South Kensington. In the customary artistic course, she sent the results of her work to various exhibitions, gradually turning to the side of life which was to become the master-influence with her. Her first picture, called "The Visitation," was rejected, and came back distressfully with a hole knocked through the canvas. A similar result, minus the damage, followed with the next picture which she sent; a third was accepted and skied, and the fourth was none other than "The Roll-Call." The enthusiasm which greeted this picture began when it was first seen by the Hanging Committee. They rose, took off their hats, and greeted its appearance with a round of cheering. What followed is now a matter of history. Success, of course, followed success in the round which we know; such names as "Quatre-Bras," "Scotland for Ever," "Floreat Etona," are of course, identified with the very best of our national military pictures.

It has been a wonderful career of popularity, take it all in all, and if of late the crowds do not surge around her pictures as they did when "The Roll-Call" had to be railed off from their importunities, that is the fate of everybody. Such a breath of living and sweet fame comes but seldom to one human being, and this painter has steadily pursued her art through every vicissitude. One wonders if South Africa will bring forth anything specially exemplary from her busy observation and untiring brush.

Miss Chris Hammond, whose work has earned her a position in the front rank of illustrators, is about to follow the example of many other artists, and opens an exhibition of her drawings at the Black-and-White Gallery, 153, Piccadilly, to-day, where she shows the admirable drawings recently made for Jane Austen's "Emma" (Allen and Co.), and several of the originals of her illustrations of Goldsmith's Comedies and Marmontel's "Moral Tales," as well as a charming and striking drawing of Miss Alma Murray as Rosalind. It may be considered as fairly representative of the artist's undoubted gift in black-and-white work, and should prove attractive to all interested in this particular branch of the art of the day.



NOONDAY SHADE.—H. P. ROBINSON.
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon.



PHYLLIS AND PRUE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. CRAIG ANNAN, EXHIBITED AT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, DUDLEY GALLERY, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A MODERN PEPYS.

The memoir-writer is coming to be known and dreaded as a literary dynamitard, whose bomb may at any moment explode to the destruction of established reputations or institutions. Upon the publication of the "Greville Memoirs," the Queen, as we read in Mr. Knox Laughton's



HENRY REEVE.

From a Drawing made in 1845 by Lady Eastlake.

memoir of their editor, Henry Reeve, sent him a message expressing her disapproval of their appearance, as tending to disparage her family and weaken her throne—a disapproval which took the natural and practical shape of withholding from Reeve his well-earned K.C.B. Mr. Knox Laughton, however, need have no fear of forfeiting his future honours by any such indiscretion, since there is nothing to shake the throne in his most interesting "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), unless it be her Majesty's fits of laughter at the thought of Sydney Smith's nickname for Macaulay. "Sydney S. had said to Lord Melbourne that Macaulay was a book in breeches. Lord M. told the Queen; so whenever she sees her new Secretary at War she goes into fits of laughter." In truth, this memoir is discretion itself, and only the relatives of such political eels as are used to being skinned alive can find much to quarrel with in its pages. On the other hand, its very reticence, frequently disappointing and occasionally tantalising, will be resented by readers who have learned to expect a memoir-writer to—

Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.

More reasonable readers will resent the extravagant space given to such bald diary notes as "April 30th.—Dined at the Royal Academy Dinner. May 9th.—Great Unionist Meeting at Winchester. 28th.—Barthélemy St. Hilaire came to Foxholes on a visit. June 10th.—Dined with the Duc d'Aumale, Moncorvo House; Electric light. 15th.—Dined at the Middle Temple. Grand day; Prince of Wales in the Chair. 18th.—Dined with the Lord Mayor." Such entries about anyone would hardly interest his children, and would hardly interest outsiders in a diary of Shakspeare or St. Paul. But our interest in Henry Reeve centres not in himself, but in his contributors, correspondents, and intimates, and the aptest motto of this memoir would be Constant's "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle." For Henry Reeve's chief endowment was a singular and undefinable magnetic attraction which drew him to greatness and drew greatness to him. In a letter to his mother he says, "I am sure in writing to you I may be pardoned for noticing my own position with *les personages*; but it is strange that at twenty-six I should find myself on terms of acquaintance with the whole Cabinet, except Lord Melbourne and Baring. I rode down to the office with Lord Normanby this morning; he was very chatty and undignified—a word I use half in blame, half in praise." And who was this young man of twenty-six, the intimate now, and presently to be the confidant, of Cabinet Ministers? He was the son of a Norwich doctor, who died when this, his sole surviving child, was two years of age, and was brought up by a clever but idolising mother, who confesses to spoiling him by "lax discipline and indulgence." As he lacked the advantage of a public school and University education to force him to find his level, he ought to have been in his teens an insupportable prig. He was a prig obviously from his letters, but an insufferable prig he could not have been to make and keep the friendships he did.

At the age of eighteen he writes to his mother: "D'Eichthal introduced me to Mendelssohn. We went together to see Taglioni. He said

her dancing was *Gleider Musik*. Prévost introduced me to Lerménier, V. Cousin, Ballanche, and Victor Hugo. I met Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, at a dinner at A. d'Eichthal's; but I was not *lancé* at Paris till my next visit." When he was *lancé* in Paris he became intimate with Balzac and Thackeray, Lamartine and Tocqueville, but his extreme youth made against his just or adequate appreciation of these lions. Balzac he describes as "such a singular contrast of profound philosophy—more of intuition than of analysis—combined with the variety and prodigality of an Eastern story-teller, expressed in a copious and brilliant language, frequently degenerating into the violence of or rising into the ostentation of positive insanity, as I have never met with." Victor Hugo he cuts! "Hugo has fallen rather low, and is so mad, so childish, and so blackguard that all his acquaintance have cut him, or he them. I saw him at the Bibliothèque du Roi, but did not care to renew our acquaintance." But his estimate of Thackeray will seem still stranger, perhaps, to those who remember "the brilliant illumination of the author's own candles" in "Vanity Fair." "Thackeray's drawing—if I may judge by his note-book—is as pure and accurate as any I have seen. He is a man whom I would willingly set to copy a picture of Raphael's, as far, at least, as the drawing goes; but he does not seem likely to get into a system of massive colouring, if I may judge by what he said."

He took more accurate measure of Alexis de Tocqueville, and was rewarded for his appreciation by a debt which he acknowledged forty years later thus: "If there be any truth or merit in the opinions I have formed on the state of France and the history of her revolutions, their value is due in great part to the author of 'Democracy in America.' I had the good fortune to translate it into English when I was about one-and-twenty, and from that time till the date of his death I lived in the intimacy of unbroken friendship with Alexis de Tocqueville." He then proceeds to acknowledge to Tocqueville a debt of political education to which Reeve owed in great part the distinction of his life—what made him afterwards such a power on the *Times* and made the *Times* such a power in Europe. The *Times* circulation went up during the fifteen years of his connection with the paper from thirteen thousand to sixty-two thousand; but, if the increase had been due to the brilliancy of his pen, we should have had a more permanent record of his powers, and we should have had also a similar tale to tell of the prosperity of the *Edinburgh Review* under his management, instead of a tale of its decline. In truth, he owed his wonderful position on the *Times*, and the *Times* owed its proud position in Europe to two things—his knowledge of foreign politics and policies and his intimacy with members of the Cabinet. "Probably no one had ever written as much as I have done in the English Press with equal opportunities of acquiring information on the subjects I professed to treat. During a great portion of these fifteen years I lived on terms of confidential correspondence and intercourse with several of the leading Ministers of England and France—more especially with M. Guizot and Lord Clarendon; whilst Delane acted as a means of communication with Lord Aberdeen. Through Mr. Greville, my own chief, and afterwards colleague, who had originally introduced me to Barnes in 1840, and sanctioned my writing for the paper, I could always ascertain what was going on; and I question whether there was any person out of the Cabinet more correctly acquainted with the course of affairs; indeed, sometimes things reached me which the bulk of the Cabinet did not know. The consequence of this information was that, although I am not conscious of ever having published to the world what it was desirable to conceal, the *Times* became a power in Europe more dreaded by kings and more read by statesmen than the most elaborate despatches." It is this confidential intimacy with the great of many countries and in many fields which makes the memoir of Henry Reeve the book of the moment.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

THE VOICES OF THE CHILDREN.

(Musical Rights Reserved.)

Oh! the voices of the children, so joyous and so sweet,
Their fond faces and embraces, and the flutter of their feet:
Still they fill the empty chamber, still they thrill the silent floor,
Though the children, the glad children, have gone forth for evermore.

Oh! the voices of the children at the blessed hour of ease!
Oh! their smiles and their wiles, as they nestled round our knees,
With "Father, one more story!" and "Mother, one more song!"
In the olden, golden days, as they danced and glanced along.

Oh! the voices of the children, as at eve they knelt and prayed,
With their dimpled hands soft folded, in angel white arrayed,
With "God bless my darling mother!" and "God bless my father dear!"
Are those loving, moving accents on earth no more to hear?

Nay! the voices of the children, so joyous and so sweet,
Their fond faces and embraces and the flutter of their feet,
Still shall fill the empty chamber, still shall thrill the silent floor,
Though the children, the glad children, have gone forth for evermore.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DOCTOR : Do you take a bath regularly ? Once a week, I suppose ?
PATIENT : Lor' bless you, no, Sir ! I bain't so dirty as all that !

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN AT THE MORGUE.

There are some subjects that have been too well threshed out to enlarge upon nowadays. Among these is the Paris Morgue. The small, cold, grey stone building, close under the shadow of Notre Dame, with the



THE MORGUE, PARIS.

Seine flowing round it down below on three sides—the Seine through which so many of its guests have to pass—has made a deep impression on the mind of every person with the slightest degree of sensibility who has seen it.

Stepping out of the bright sunlight outside into that chill, stone-flagged, dimly lighted home of the homeless, the contrast can hardly fail to strike even the least impressionable. The most callous instinctively lowers his voice to a whisper. Outside, under the trees in the garden, just across the road, little bare-legged children were running about merrily, as happy and as careless as the chirping birds in the green foliage overhead, whereas here—

It is a moment or two before the eye becomes accustomed to the subdued light. In front of you is a little knot of people—men, women, and, as often as not, several young children—peering through the thick plate-glass windows that go from floor to ceiling, and are protected by a railing from too great pressure when there is a crowd. You draw near. Through the glass, from which waves of icy air strike your face, you discern, lying on slightly inclined iron couches, apparently waxen images of men and women. It requires a violent effort of the reason to realise that those motionless figures, a day or two ago perhaps, were living, moving, sentient beings like you. And, as you gaze, you observe on the forehead of the figure in front of you a dark purple mark. It was there the bullet that was to rob him of life entered. The face of the woman on the next couch is covered with cruel bruises, and, as you look at the pinched, starved features and spare grey locks, the drama of a long, joyless existence rapidly passes in front of your mental vision, and you understand that for such a one the Morgue may be a



INTERIOR OF THE MORGUE.

haven of infinite rest. Sometimes all that remains to indicate that a human being has lived is a small heap of poor clothes!

The bitterest homily of all that is preached by the Morgue is perhaps the inscription, four times repeated, on the otherwise plain stone walls. Whichever way you may turn, when your eyes would fain seek rest

from what lies behind the glass, the red letters of that inscription start into relief—

PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Public is invited to make at the
Registry Office of the Morgue
A declaration of the name
Of the individuals whom it may
Recognise.
This declaration entails
No expense on the part of
Strangers, friends, or
Even of the family of the deceased.
It is perfectly gratuitous.

Even the family! The person who drew up the terms of that inscription had no illusion about human nature. Had he been less sceptical, he might have thought it sufficient to reassure strangers and friends. He foresaw, however, that even "the family" of the lonely sleepers yonder might come in and gaze and steal silently away, lest their speaking should cost them a few francs! And so, before they escape from the building, they must, if they have eyes to see, infallibly read, at least once, that any declaration they may make is "perfectly gratuitous." In spite of this, however, the screen in front of the central doorway holds a frame filled with photographs of men and women whom no one has ever "recognised," and who have at last had to be taken away to make place for newcomers. Now, this numbered photograph and a bald entry in a register is all that remains of them.

As you turn back to cast a last glance at the gloomy building, you will observe, cut into the stone over the doorways, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité"—the legend that decorates every public building in France under the Third Republic, and you are constrained to admit that here, at least, it is not misplaced.

There is a fairly widely current belief in France that one of the forms of what is known as the "originality" of the Englishman is his predilection for viewing ghastly, blood-curdling scenes, and you will be gravely assured that the majority of the persons who go to see the Morgue are "insular tourists." This is far from being borne out by the actual facts.

The vast majority of the habitués are French people of the humblest class. The butcher-boy and the *marmite* make a detour when on their errands that they may pay a visit to the place, and the work-girl sacrifices willingly a few minutes of her dinner-hour that she may go and see the latest arrival. Occasionally you will see a little group of people, standing opposite the building, casting side-glances across the street, the ladies of the party recognisable at a glance, being attired in the prevailing English feminine uniform of the moment, but the discussion usually ends in one of the men being told off to report, the rest of the party contenting themselves with his verbal explanation.

There has long been a project to turn the Morgue into a vast school of legal medicine, but lack of the necessary funds has hitherto been the obstacle to its realisation. Some improvements have, however, been decided upon, and the work has been recently begun. Among other alterations, it is intended to introduce the electric light.

A. A.



A NOTICE IN THE MORGUE.

RUINATION.

Ruination is not a pleasant prospect, but I fancy not a few youths would not mind "Ruination" in the person of Miss Ethel John, who figured in this costume (shown on the opposite page) at a fancy-dress ball held at Mussoorie, one of the Hill stations in the North-West Provinces of India. On her head she wore a tray (how she kept it there I cannot say), on which stood a champagne-bottle and glass. Her dress was of white satin, with a red velvet band running from shoulder to waist, on which was written in gold letters "Ruination." Round the bottom of the skirt a race-scene was painted, the horses, in their wild career, being especially well done. On one side of the skirt was a painting of a ballet-girl, on the other that of a jockey. A cigarette-case and a cigar-case were suspended from the waist, while cards, dice, and banknotes played a prominent part in the "get-up." I believe this dress took a prize at one of the Fancy-dress Balls at Covent Garden.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-three (from July 27 to October 19, 1898) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



MISS ETHEL JOHN MASQUERADING AS "RUINATION."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. DAGG, MUSSOORIE.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

When the time comes for China to be divided among the nations, a great slice of it, the middle slice, will naturally be placed under the beneficent rule of England; that is, the whole of the Yang-tzi Valley, possibly all the rich province of Szechuen, and a considerable chunk of the misty mountains of Yunnan, will belong to the Queen. I don't know whether the Chinaman will like it—indeed, I don't know if he very much cares. Last year, when I was attempting to befool myself that I was bicycling right through the heart of China, when really I was walking across it, I went slam-bang across this region that is ultimately to be part of her Majesty's dominions.

One afternoon, I was strolling through the crowded, higgledy-piggledy, noisy, dirty streets of Yunnan-sen, arousing derision from the mob at my tight-fitting cycling-clothes, and striking terror into the hearts of all the little pig-tailed boys with my straggling red beard, when in a curiosity-shop—for I have always had a keen scent for curios—I actually found for sale a half-crown piece. I turned it over with a smile, for the sight was like a picture of home. "This is a curious thing," I said. "Yes, it is," said the long-fanged old heathen who wanted to sell it. "Who is that?" I asked, pointing to the figure of the Queen. "I don't know," answered the dealer, "but I've been told it's the Queen of a far-off country where there are only women."

He was pretty ignorant, was that Chinaman, but he was no more ignorant than other future subjects of her Majesty that I came in contact with. A Chinaman has the conceit of a newly made alderman. He believes there is only one country in the world, and that is the great, glorious Middle Kingdom, as he himself calls his land. I have a map of the world according to Chinese ideas. China occupies three parts of it. It is like a ham, and the tribute-paying nations of Bokhara, Germany, Turkestan, France, Tartary, England, and Hindustan are mere islands and promontories dotted anyhow round the edge.

One day I had a long talk with some students. They were nice youths, and conceded I must be a rather clever man because I possessed a big nose. Also, as I had blue eyes, I must be able to see underground. All foreigners with blue eyes had that power, and that was how they knew where there was gold and silver hidden in the rocks. Some years ago, up near the Yang-tzi River, some foreigners went prospecting. "Could they tell where silver was?" asked the authorities. "Yes," said the prospectors; "we are experts, and it is our business to find out." But the Chinese were clever and suspicious. They laid a trap. They invited the foreigners to a dinner at the Yamen. They took them a stroll in the garden. "Is there any silver about where you are standing?" asked the mandarin. "Oh no," said the experts, "there's no silver here; this isn't the kind of ground where one finds silver." The mandarin pushed aside the earth with his foot and there lay quite a lot of silver. "We placed that there ourselves," yelled the Chinese, "and now we know you're not real foreigners. If you had been real foreigners, you would have been able to have seen at least four feet underground!" Then they stoned the poor prospectors out of the city because they were frauds.

The Chinaman has the lordliest contempt for the "barbarian" or "foreign devil." The barbarian may be rather ingenious in making bicycles and telegraphs and railways and steamboats, but he is not educated. The educated Chinaman regards the educated Englishman in much the same light as an old fogey of an Oxford don would regard a man who can make a model of Westminster Abbey out of champagne corks. All the Chinaman's wisdom comes from his ancestors, and his ancestors were learned, he tells you, when your ancestors went half-naked, painted their bodies blue, and ate raw fish. He knows nothing about anthropology or geology or zoology, but he knows yards of Confucius backwards, and probably can repeat the whole of Mencius from memory. When a Controller of Telegraphs is to be appointed, it is not necessary for him to know anything about telegraphy or electricity. If he knows Mencius better than the other competitors, he gets the post. It is like examining a man in Deuteronomy to see if he is fit to hold a cabman's licence.

Accordingly, the ignorance of the heathen Chinese is very blissful. When I talked to the students in Yunnan, they asked, "Have you a sun

in your country like the one we have? Have you trees and rivers, and are they like ours? Is it true that there are barbarians who have no knees to bend, that they have to sleep leaning against the wall, for if they lie down they are not able to rise again? Is it in your country where the people have holes through their chests, so that servants can carry them from place to place swung on poles?"

One man asked me, "Do you have examinations in your country?" "Certainly," I said, "and pretty stiff some of them are." "Then," remarked my questioner, "I suppose some of our wise Chinese men must have been over and taught you the way."

Personally, I don't mind the ignorance of the Chinaman so long as he is rational in his ignorance. But he has the most haphazard notions about everything. He measures distance as English young ladies make skirts for the poor: he guesses the length. A Chinese mile is called a *li*, but it is as elastic as the promises of a County Councillor. He tells you that the distance from Hwang-pi to Ping-ya is fifteen *li*. "But," you say, "I've just been told it is only ten *li*." "Ah," he will smile back, "that is the other way, from Ping-ya to Hwang-pi." It appears that, as one way is uphill, it is longer than the way downhill. So, if you set a Chinaman to measure the Monument, he would say, it is so many feet from bottom to top, but only a third of that distance from top to bottom.

The real reason why five-sixths of every Chinese pate is bald is the money question. Bimetallism, the depreciation of silver, and fluctuating rates of exchange turn bald the heads of many Englishmen otherwise respectable. But bimetallism is a simple sum of fathoming how many two and two make, compared with the bewildering intricacies of Chinese finance. In China there is no gold, silver, or copper coin. There is a brass coin, which foreigners call "cash." It is an ugly thing with a square hole in it, and the nominal value is about thirty-six to the penny. They are strung in bundles of one hundred. But a hundred is never a hundred. A full hundred is ninety-six.

Oh, the troubles we had with money those five months it took us to cross China! We couldn't carry "cash" all the way, so before we left British-Burmese territory we bought a few hundred pieces of different-sized silver. In China, in the big towns, we would sell this silver in return for so many thousand "cash." But our silver somehow was always of an inferior quality to the Chinese money-changer's silver, and he could not let us have full value. We carried our own scales, but they never tallied with those of the changer. The money-changer, one soon learnt, has one set of scales to sell with and another to buy with.

Then, in some places, the money-changers would cut down the hundred "cash" till it was about sixty. Suddenly, however, the Governor, unless he was bribed heavily to lie low, would issue an order that the hundred was

maybe to be eighty-seven. Up it would jump, but in a few months it would dribble down again to sixty. And so on. In one district we found the hundred up to ninety-six, and after a few days' travelling we reached a district where there was nothing but counterfeit coinage. Then the hundred was 234. Settling one's hotel-bill in the morning was a splendid exercise in arithmetic. We used to carry our money strung on string, and then tied it round our waists, rope-fashion. Half-a-crown of "cash" weighed just eight pounds. Therefore, to carry half-a-sovereign made a man stagger.

It was in Far Western China that I met the largest man on earth. He is called Chang-Yan, is thirty-five years old, or thereabouts, weighs close upon 400 lb., and is 7 ft. 4 in. tall. Of course, there are other "largest men on earth." But this is the only one I have ever shaken hands with, and, therefore, the others don't count. He used to be a coolie, and carried the load of a mule. But a great mandarin secured his services, stuck him into a bedizened coat, all covered with five-barred-gate sort of hieroglyphics, so that he looked like an animated tea-chest, made a soldier of him, paid him the wages of three soldiers, and set him at the Yamen-gate to lend dignity to the otherwise undignified and dingy structure. I would suggest that a syndicate be formed to import him into England for view on the music-hall stage. The Chinese legend is that he is the son of a king of giants who live behind the mountains. But he told me his father made copper pans at Tung-Chuan, that his brother was no bigger than I am, that his wife was only half the size, and that his chief diet was pork.

J. FOSTER FRASER.



MR. FOSTER FRASER, 5 FT. 11 IN., AND CHANG-YAN, THE CHINESE GIANT, 7 FT. 4 IN.

"EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS."

If Macaulay had been with us still, his famous phrase would have proved itself before his eyes as he contemplated the modern schoolboy. On this page I introduce you to the schoolboy as a draughtsman and a poet. I begin with the picture of Tod Sloan, which has been painted in wonderful colours by Master S. Anderton, a Newmarket boy of thirteen.



MANNHEIM SPITZ, LIL.
Photo by Moru, Brighton.

Spitz, Lil. Lil is only ten inches long and five inches high, with a head of about three inches; but that is no reason why she shouldn't get quite a long panegyric—

My love is dark, with jet-black eyes
And pretty silken lashes;
Her dainty figure—tiny size,
Wants no confining sashes.

She always wears a look of love
Upon her comely features;
She is the sweetest little dove,
The dearest of all creatures.

I suppose it is the one ambition of every Newmarket "nipper" to dream of being "up," and of becoming an Archer or a Sloan. Master Anderton has wider ambitions, I am told, for, though he has never had a drawing lesson, he "is always using his pencil, brushes, or crayon for sketching some sporting subject." A specimen of draughtsmanship of a different kind is afforded by a Rugby boy's sketch of Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of the famous school (the history of which is told by Mr. Rouse in a book just published by the Duckworths). That boy has got some imagination. Last of all comes a sixteen-year-old poet from Hove, who has turned his muse on his mother's jet-black Mannheim

Those little eyes of hers are bright
With proper maiden's cunning;
It is a joy to watch her flight,
Her pretty poses running.



DRACO FINISHING IN THE BRETBY WELTER HANDICAP WITH
TOD SLOAN UP.

Drawn by a Newmarket boy aged 13.

Her little heart beats true as steel,
She gives me loving kisses;
Her sweet behaviour makes me feel
How crude are other misses.

Her little mind is very clear,
Her intellect's not foggy;
In fact, the truth must now appear,
She's just our darling "doggy."



LAWRENCE SHERIFF, THE FOUNDER OF RUGBY: HIS DREAMS.
Drawn by a Rugby boy, and Photographed by Mr. Speight.

THE APPLE HARVEST.

Plenty of sunshine suits the apple—paints it, in fact, giving that rosy tint and mellow appearance so much desired. There is no lack of colour this season, for Old Sol has been busy at work every day with his



APPLE-GATHERING.

pigments, and, although the English crop is below the average in quantity, the quality is splendid. Apples of all kinds require very careful gathering; if bruised, they soon deteriorate; perhaps for this reason women are employed, for they are adepts at this work. Ascending and standing on the ladders very lightly, they pick off the fruit and place it in a basket, which is suspended from the ladder or tree-branch by a wooden hook; it is then transferred to large skips and carried to the storehouse. Here the apples are graded, the largest and best-coloured being placed in separate bins. There is a great difference in the value of specimens from the same tree: some make eight shillings per bushel, while the inferior apples realise only half that figure.

The apple-bins are situated in a cool, dimly lighted building, care being taken to exclude both sun and frost; the latter is fatal. The bottoms of the bins are formed of open lathwork, permitting a current of air to circulate round the fruit, the object being to keep the produce as long as possible, for every month adds to its value. There is always a market for good English apples. As much as sixteen shillings a bushel has been obtained for pippins, and, doubtless, they will realise that price this season, for the variety is scarce, partly, I am sorry to say, because the tits have been busy. These birds distinguish the sweet apples from the others, and, hopping lightly from branch to branch, dig little pits in the fruit, utterly ruining them as keepers, for decay sets in, and the apple is soon lost. I noticed also that the blackbirds were helping themselves, but, as they were generally

contented with devouring the windfalls, they did not work nearly so much damage. Unlike some other fruits, apples, to have them in perfection, should be allowed to ripen on the tree; the objection to this is that, at the ripe stage, they are very easily dislodged, and a storm of wind will render thousands useless for keeping, and reduce their market value, for they must then be sold as windfalls at one shilling to eighteenpence per bushel. In the neighbourhood of large towns there is a brisk demand for these; indeed, I have been informed that sometimes at the week-end so many customers came to the orchards that the gates were obliged to be locked to keep the crowd back.

The apple shown in the illustration is the Prince Albert, which is excellent both for cooking and dessert—a combination not always found; it is also a free-bearing variety, often giving good returns in seasons when other kinds fail. The fruit grows in such heavy clusters that the branches are borne down to the ground, on which the apples rest, as many as a pottle in one cluster. Owing to the fact that the foliage of these trees is very heavy, it is impossible to give a good illustration of the lower branches; but the tree-top was more open, and made quite a picture.

It is some years since Mr. Gladstone recommended fruit-growing to English agriculturists, but the demand for good fruit of all kinds still exceeds the supply. In Messrs. Lane's orchard, where these illustrations were obtained, every yard of ground is occupied; between the avenues of apple-trees there are thousands of currant and gooseberry bushes, while at intervals there are rows of filbert-stems. The gathering, sorting, and storing of all this fruit, together with the pruning of the trees, in which they assist, afford employment for the women seven months in the year. A most pleasant and healthy occupation it is, and, being paid by the piece, they have every inducement to be industrious.

J. T. N.

A SONG OF NOVEMBER.

THE PRIMULA.

All silk grows rough, all snow turns grey beside
The softness and the whiteness of this small
Pale flower that has no perfume and no pride—
No hint of perfume lingeringly sweet,
No height of stem, no grace of leaf at all.

'Tis only white, 'tis only soft for this:
The passing soul of Mary Magdalen
Took to herself this shape, whose whiteness is
The measure of her love, shed in a kiss
Upon the Master's travel-stained feet;
The measure of her trespass and her pain.—NORA HOPPER.



PRINCE ALBERTS.

From Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

BY PERCY WHITE.

There are commanding personalities which fling themselves into the world, and by sheer brute force of genius usurp a kingdom, and people it with the offspring of their fancy; there are also insignificant and wavering souls which become their spiritual slaves, although no eye recognise the bondage.

Hobart Fanshawe was son of a prosperous merchant, junior clerk in his father's business, and an undistinguished-looking youth, short of stature and freckled of face. He had five sisters, younger than himself, and suffered from the disadvantages of "home training," private tuition, and a course of education adopted to spare him "the contamination of other boys." He was the last lad you would suspect of being influenced by "novels and rubbish of that sort." He lived with his parents in great comfort in a large, old, red-brick house at Dulwich, behind high walls enclosing a pleasant garden, in a microscopic domestic environment, where no ideas entered, and in the flat centre of complacent dullness. The things of the intellect flew over those walls like spiritual swallows, never once alighting there. For where could they have perched? Hobart's mother, an anxious and wistful parent, superintended the education of her daughters, who were under the charge of a governess of limited intelligence, and found distraction for her leisure moments in "taking a district" in a parish where her husband was churchwarden. The curate and others who were not "nearly so well off" described the Fanshawes as "a most worthy couple," which, being interpreted, meant that, whilst their intentions were excellent, they were a good deal behind the times in Dulwich. They were, however, eminently satisfied with themselves, quite persuaded all they did and said was right, and well-enough-to-do to escape advice. There are many hundreds of families like them, but, as a rule, they come to no harm. The Fanshawes were less fortunate.

When young Hobart went into the City, his views expanded. He learnt something like a new language, and discovered sides of life other than those uppermost at home. So he assumed an air of devil-may-care import, which caused his admiring sisters to wonder.

But little Fanshawe, who had read nothing and thought less, was conscious of a dim want. Was it the revolt against the materialism enveloping him, or the clumsy effort towards an ideal?

It came to pass that young Prior, son of his father's partner, also a junior clerk in the firm, took him to a smoking-concert, and it was there that Hobart fell under the spell. He was impressionable to music, and had a good ear. A professional gentleman with long dark hair and a low shirt-collar was called upon to sing, and the very prelude to the accompaniment set the lad's senses dancing. But when the song came, it lifted and swung itself over romantic spaces, while the words went rollicking through Fanshawe's brain, telling of the love of a soldier for a dusky Burmese girl, of fire-flies, and thundering surf on a palm-fringed bay, and chanting of some mysterious place "East of Suez"—

... Where the best is as the worst,

Where there ain't no 'Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst.

"Oh, what a ripping song! what a ripping song!" he exclaimed, when it was over.

"It's 'On the Road to Mandalay,' by a chap named Kipling," said young Prior.

"I've seen his name in the newspaper," said Fanshawe, proud of even that remote acquaintance with the magician who (set to music) had so bewildered him.

"That isn't much good," said Prior, whose family was under the sway of the circulating library. "Read him. He's the finest writer going. He'll make you sit up."

When Hobart Fanshawe inquired at home, he ascertained that, to his mother, his sisters, and his sisters' governess, Kipling was a name of little meaning, while his father mistook him for the 'composer of a song called 'Tommy Atkins.' Wishing to enlighten them, young Hobart bought "On the Road to Mandalay," and found infinite delight in bawling it into his eldest sister's ear, who acted as his accompanist until his mother, discovering in it sentiments unmet for a "young girl still in the school-room," desired that he would "not sing it at home." The element of ribaldry and vague naughtiness only added to its charm for a youth who as yet had not sown a single wild-oat, whilst it made him an enthusiastic student of the works of the accomplished story-teller.

In classic days, those who offended the Muses were made the victims of their relentless persecution. The Fanshawe family were scarcely conscious of the existence of the powers to whom they must now atone in the person of their son for their contempt.

Hobart procured all Kipling's works, read them in his bedroom, and was fascinated to the point of hallucination. In nature there are strange forms of mimicry. The children of this world take the children of the world of the imagination for their models. Condemned to be oppressively unoriginal, Hobart Fanshawe determined to become the hero of a "Barrack-room Ballad." The little tethered soul which had browsed on straw pined for a diet of hot coals. He felt with contempt that his environment was "street-bred"; saw, through romantic vistas,

a new and glowing life where men rollicked and swore, made love and fought, in a region filled with Pathans, Goorkhas, Nautch-girls, dashing subalterns, and dialect-speaking privates of the Line—that world "East of Suez" where men are magnificently thirsty and the Ten Commandments prejudices. On his way to the City on the omnibus the street-noises "tink-a-tinked" after him like the strain of a giant's roystering banjo. He was always on "The Road to Mandalay" when his soul was not drifting over the Himalayas in search of the kingdom lost by "The Man who would be King." At night, in bed, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" beat constantly in his head; their tattoo would not let him sleep. But while fancy strayed "East of Suez," young Fanshawe sat on a stool East of Charing Cross, and made in the day-book entries intended for the ledger. Sometimes, on Saturday afternoon, he went down to the docks to look at the big Indian steamers and wondered at their Lascar crews. It seemed the first step on the "Road to Mandalay."

Meanwhile, his altered demeanour did not escape the eye of his family. He was now twenty years of age; his symptoms closely resembled those we associate with the stirrings of the youthful affections. Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe became uneasy. They knew the danger of the City luncheon-bars to junior clerks. Young Prior was questioned, but was quite sure "there was no lady in the case." Fanshawe senior, reproving his son for his laxity, said—

"We can never take you into partnership, Hobart, if this sort of thing goes on."

"The best thing for me," said Hobart, "would be a trip East of Suez. I want a change."

"Then book your passage," returned his father with parental cynicism.

Book his passage, indeed! Why his pound a-week barely paid for lunch and neckties.

"Damn!" said he when his father's contemptuous back was turned.

At home that evening he told his sisters that Dulwich was a dog-hole, and that a soldier's life was the only fit one for a man.

"Be a Volunteer, like young Mr. Prior," said his eldest sister. "Some of the uniforms are handsome."

But Hobart's scheme was more daring. He was resolved to move on parallel lines with his heroes, "East of Suez," who "feared neither man nor devil," so long as they kept within "the law," a code which had nothing to do with the Courts of Bankruptcy or Queen's Bench.

Under the spell of his enchanter, young Fanshawe made friends with soldiers. Sometimes he drank beer with stalwart privates of the Life Guards in Knightsbridge taverns; sometimes he walked on Sunday in the Park with youthful Grenadiers, who had a roguish eye for the maids. The circle of his military acquaintance spreading, he learnt to swear with splendid emphasis. It was this carousing side of his life which, suddenly flung in his family's face, brought his downward career of defiance to a climax and catastrophe.

One Sunday afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe were returning from a call, they beheld, with a shudder of horror, their only boy standing on the steps of a public-house in the company of a young Linesman, whose Glengarry bonnet was cocked over his ear. The faces of both youths were flushed, and they were exchanging amatory banter with two young women, who blinked back at them coquettishly beneath large fringes.

The unhappy parents smothered their feelings, and went home with faces averted from a son whose fall all Dulwich might now witness.

The afflicted parents waited the son's return. He came home "smelling" (as his mother remarked with a shudder) "of beer."

But, with the assistance of the beer, the rebel rose to the level of his heroes. "Was having a drink with a 'Tommy,' a 'pal' of mine," he explained airily.

"Drinking in a wicked, reeking pot-house with a common soldier! What do you think will become of you, you most unhappy boy?" exclaimed his mother.

Then Hobart squared his shoulders, as he had seen his friends the Grenadiers do when they desired to attract the notice of the other sex.

"Look here, both of you," said he; "it's time we understood one another. I'm pretty sick of the City, of Dulwich, of church-going, and of parish gossip. I'm a man, that's what I am! This little corner of the world don't suit me!"

And the beer in his head went "Tink-a-tinka-tinka-tink!" like a banjo accompaniment to his defiance.

After a pause, Hobart, following bravely in the steps of "Soldiers Three," continued in what he believed was the style and diction of his heroes: "'The Widdy o' Windsor' wants me to wear her coat! And, by Gawd, I'll wear it! I'm goin' 'East o' Suez, where there ain't no 'Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst.' That's the place for me!"

Having delivered this speech and pulled down his coat as though it were slipping above a belt, Hobart marched off to his bedroom, where the beer he had swallowed violently disagreed with him.

When, an hour later, Hobart, considerably paler, but still with dauntless front, descended from his room, he found an equally relentless father, who said—

"Any more nonsense of this kind, sir, and I turn you out of the business and cut you off with a shilling!"

"All right!" replied Hobart. "Can't help it if you do. I'm goin'!"

to be a 'Tommy.' I'm sick o' sittin' on a stool in your beastly office, and of going to the City on a vile 'bus, by Gawd!"

"Go, and be d—d to you!" cried the virtuous churchwarden, in the refreshing self-abandonment of an unaccustomed wrath.

And so the victim of "Soldiers Three" marched to his fate, and for a while Dulwich knew him no more.

But a man can only learn by experience that he is not intended for a hero; besides, where is the fun of being the hero of a melodrama without an audience? So in due course Hobart Fanshawe repented, and, one morning, six months after his dramatic departure, wrote his mother a contrite letter, entreating her to beg his father "to take him back into the firm on trial." "He won't," wrote the weary recruit, "find me the ass I was. The Army's knocked that out of me. If you had sent me to a public school, I don't think I should have made such a fool of myself. The Colonel, who has taken an interest in me, says the regiment isn't the right place for me. He can give me a good character. It was he told me to write to you. He says I'm not the first victim of Kipling's stories he has come across.—From your affectionate and sorrowful son, HOBART. P.S.—The worst of it is, I'm nearly always hungry."

The postscript most touched the mother's heart.

"Buy him out at once," she said, "and send him five pounds to come home with."

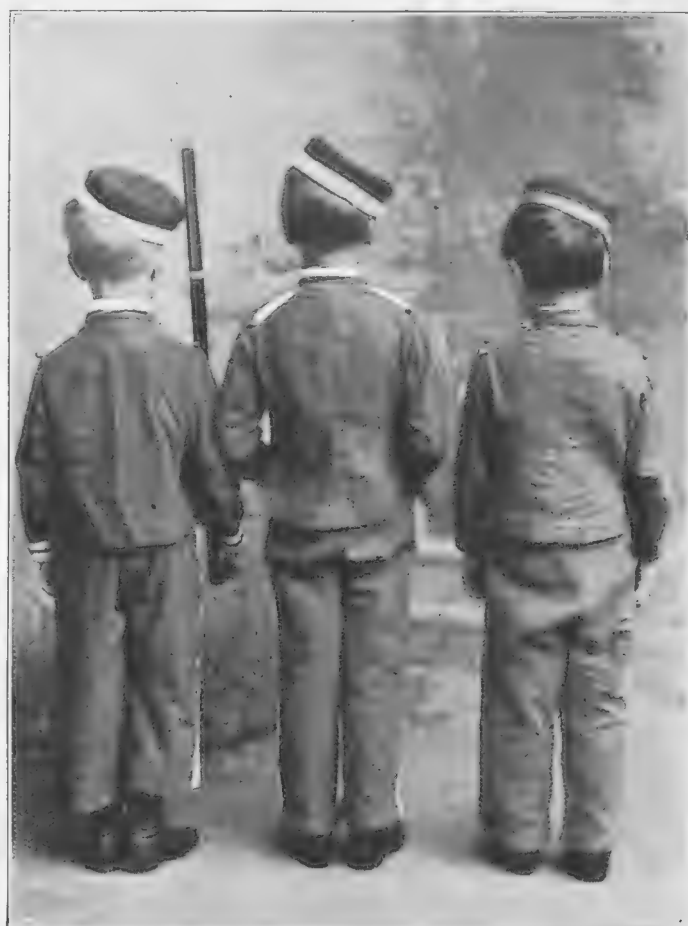
So, in due course, Hobart, much improved in appearance and common sense, was restored to his abandoned stool in the firm of Fanshawe and Prior. The "contamination" which his mother had dreaded had made a little man of him, and, when the time for his promotion comes, he will be found a most industrious and efficient partner in the business, and may even succeed his father as churchwarden.

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

Whether it is true or not that some of the despatches from the German Embassy in Paris to Berlin were tampered with in their transit

through the post for the benefit of the French War Office, there is no denying the fact that it has been the practice of more than one Government in Europe to intercept the correspondence of the representatives of foreign Powers. One of the best-known instances is that of the Duc de Guynes, who, prior to being appointed French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, represented France in the Prussia of Frederick the Great. During his stay in Berlin, he determined to make a thorough study of the Prussian Army, and, in spite of the plainest hints, imperturbably turned up at every review and inspection that took place. The Prussian Generals had no other course open to them but to grin and bear it. They felt, however, it would be some satisfaction to them to know what their indiscreet guest thought, and, for this purpose, all his letters were opened and copied before they were sent forward. The Duc de Guynes was not long in discovering these tactics. The next despatch he sent, he posted twelve hours before the ordinary time for closing the mails for Paris, accompanying it by the following letter: "I am sending the annexed despatch to the post at 7 o'clock in the morning instead of waiting until the usual time of departure, 7 o'clock in the evening, so as to give the Director of the Berlin Post Office time to copy it and still send it on this evening. I take this course because the despatch is very urgent and important, and I would consequently be much annoyed

if it were kept over until the following mail, as has been done on several previous occasions." When the Duc de Guynes shook the dust of Berlin off his feet shortly afterwards, his departure was not very much regretted by Frederick. "You're off?" "Yes, Sire." "Bon voyage!"



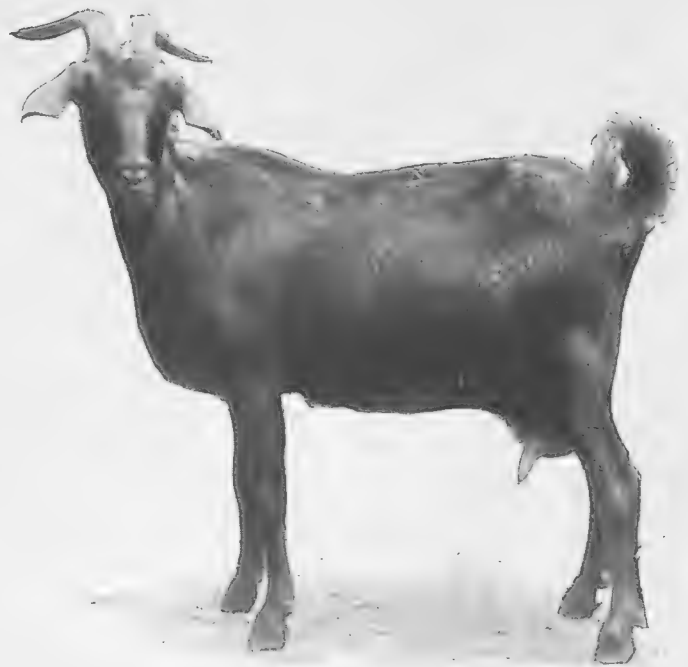
WHEN THE REACTION COMES, YOUNG BRITAIN WILL PLAY AT FRENCH SOLDIERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESMÉ COLLINGS, NEW BOND STREET, W.

"BILLIES" AND "NANNIES": THE CULTURE OF THE GOAT.



MEADOW-SWEET, BELONGING TO THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.



AMARANTH, BELONGING TO THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Have you ever been to a Goat Show? Those who know the goat only as a small animal occasionally seen drawing a miniature chaise, with a child handling the ribbons, would be surprised to learn the extent these animals are bred and how much appreciated the milk of the "Nanny" is. The annual Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, sees all the chief breeders of the goat assembled in friendly competition, and those interested in the breed yearly renew their acquaintanceship with these active little creatures. The acquaintanceship may be of a nature pleasant or otherwise, according to which portion of one's anatomy receives the playful attention of the goat. The always assertive disposition to butt anything and everything is the characteristic which first impresses the casual visitor, for, no matter how cautious you may be while promenading their quarters and evading their friendly notice as they are led about by their attendants, yet you will presently have your attention withdrawn from them—say, by meeting a friend. You are laughing heartily or talking earnestly, when, "Great Scott! Is it an earthquake or paralysis?" Something strikes you in the rear, at the bend of your knees; instant collapse follows; you sink to the floor, your hat slips forward over your eyes, you throw your hands out, and possibly land your astonished friend one on the nose.

"Beg pardon, sir," says a voice, as you pick yourself up, and you then remember you are at a Goat Show, and the thing is no longer a mystery.

Being of an inquisitive mind, the writer, having gone through the above initiation, pursued the culture of the goat to its source. From the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' chief herdsman a good deal of interesting information was obtained. The Baroness is President of the Goat-Breeders' Society, and her chief animals are under Mr. Cox's care at Holly Lodge Farm, Highgate. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is quite an enthusiast with her goats, and every department connected with their breeding and living is excellently supervised.

The outward success of all this care is visible in the prize-lists of the various shows; but it was the private life, so to say, of Mr. and Mrs. Goat that the writer wished to hear about, and Mr. Cox was the very man who could satisfy him. Mr. Cox came at once to the point—

"I've had to do with goats for nearly twenty years, and am very fond of them. They are most interesting little creatures, and far more useful than many people dream of. The 'poor man's cow' is a very common description of them, and so they might be if the poor man had sense enough to keep them for milking. And the milk is of the greatest value for infants and invalids,



GREY ROCK, A BEAUTIFUL "BILLY."



PIMPERNEL, BELONGING TO THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.



BRAMBLE, BELONGING TO THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

besides domestic purposes," went on Mr. Cox; "and I know three positive cases where children's lives were saved by goat's milk, after everything else had been tried and failed. There are several breeds of goats—the British, Swiss, Toggenburgs, Gugsbergers, Nubians, and others, but the best milkers are the British, and British crosses with Toggenburgs and Nubians.

"As with cattle so with goats, careful breeding and judicious feeding wonderfully improve the yield of milk, and really good goats are now to be had giving up to four quarts of milk a-day. Regular feeding, with, say, a pint of good oats night and morning, a little sweet hay occasionally, and some bran now and then, keeps them in first-class health. Except when it is wet, her ladyship's goats have a run daily in a large field, where they get a nice feed of grass; but goats can be kept equally well in a stable—or stalls, as we call them—but then they must have some green stuff given them.

"The great essential is to keep them clean and sweet, and so prevent disease of any kind from getting among them. We never have any disease here, and, as you see, all the animals are healthy."

"What are the points of a good goat?"

"Well, the female, or 'Nanny,' should have a good straight back, broad hips, good-sized udder, and, generally speaking, the bigger she is the better; but the shoulders should be slanting and the chest much narrower in the 'Nanny' than in the 'Billy.' A good milking-goat most often looks somewhat lean and angular; this is because the food and drink she takes goes to milk, and not to flesh and fat. Our best 'Nanny' is Gerty, a British goat; she is the dam of Grey Rock, and about the best animal we have ever had for milking. Her son, Grey Rock, is growing into a fine fellow; his handsome colour and markings excited much admiration at the Dairy Show, and in one of the Show reports he is alluded to as the 'Lion of the Show,' and his massive limbs and broad chest well merit the appellation. His father is Mr. Woodiwiss's Nubian, Sedgemere Chancellor, so he is a cross between the British and Nubian, and, if I am not much mistaken, will grow into the largest goat in the country.

"Amaranth and Bramble are two very nice 'Nannies.' Amaranth has won several prizes, including the silver medal at Tunbridge Wells for best milking-goat in the show. She is a cross with the Pyrennes breed. Bramble is a Nubian cross, and is a very choice animal; she has won three firsts, besides other prizes. Pimpernel is somewhat small, and has always had delicate health, through a misfortune when young. All these goats, of course, are great pets; they soon become quite friendly and as companionable as a dog with those they know."

"Then there is little difficulty in keeping and rearing them?"

"None at all, if cleanliness be strictly enforced; this, combined with regular and proper feeding, and regular milking for the 'Nannies,' renders success almost certain."



MISS LILIAN RIGBY.

Photo by Bown, Clapham Road, S.W.

ARTHUR ROBERTS AS A FRENCH SOLDIER.

It sounds rather paradoxical to speak of a popular comedian whose very fibre seems to exude contemporaneity as a walking anachronism, but I never see Arthur Roberts without antedating him a couple of centuries, as a sort of Scaramouch Fiorelli resuscitated from the annals of the

Commedia dell'Arte.

Mr. Roberts would surely have been in his element in the old Italian extemporised comedy, where nothing was prepared but the baldest outline of plot, and the actor's chiefest gifts were those of the improvisatore and the mime. Sitting in judgment recently upon the new musical play, "Campano; or, Change for a Tenor," which our only Arthur is trying upon the provincial dog before bringing it up to town, I could not but revert to the old extemporised comedy. The piece was still in its amorphous or jelly-fish stage, and was never performed two nights alike. On Monday, the first act would go with a bang, and on Wednesday it would fall as flat as a flounder. Improvisation is, no doubt, a rare and useful gift, but when the extemporiser is surrounded by anxious cue-hunters (I crave pardon of the lay reader for the technicality), the result is not always pleasing, and seldom artistic. But there! it is quite too late in the day to attempt any criticism of the methods of such a chartered stage libertine as Arthur Roberts.

Venturing on an estimate based on the principle of averages, after seeing two or three performances, I am inclined to think that Mr. George D. Day, in working on some unacknowledged French original by MM. Henry de Gorsse and George Elwall, has provided the framework of what will develop into a very pronounced success. One cannot but acknowledge the deftness with which he has furnished Mr. Roberts opportunities for the gratification of his craze for quick-changing, which, sooth to say, grows rather wearisome, as the comedian's capacity for disguise is limited and permits of no new characterisations. Why cannot Mr. Roberts recognise the fact that his art is purely personal and subjective, and that he is never so successful as when appearing as Arthur Roberts? In "Campano" we find him figuring at a lively French watering-place as de Mauviettes, a cavalry officer down from Paris to do his twenty-eight days' drill, and seemingly not sorry to be free from the tyranny of La Celeste, of the Eldorado Music Hall. By way of loosening his shackles, he indulges in a mild flirtation with the charming daughter of a tedious old druggist, the inventor of a patent voice-lozenge. We have seen that inventor before—he comes from Sheffield. With the appearance on the scene of the irate Celeste, things take a lively turn, and Roberts, who has already found it expedient to masquerade as Campano, the famous tenor, assumes a multiplicity of disguises, more to the bewilderment of those in front than those behind. At times the fun seems to border on the comic-rally type; but there are moments of genuine humour, such as that when Madame Tournesol, directress of "the finest Conservatoire outside Paris," brings her demure-looking pupils to the musical festival at Potinville and proceeds to inculcate propriety of the prunes-and-prisms order. No sooner has she departed than the staid damsels indulge in an ebullient chanson with Moulin Rouge accompaniments, but, on the sudden return of the dame, the air runs off at a tangent to "Hail to the Bride." The effect is whimsical and very ingeniously managed. As the company in support was quite as experimental as the piece, it boots not to indulge in further criticism. The musical setting of M. Jakobowski, arranged, for the most part, in alluring dance-rhythms, has gleams of daintiness and charm without absolutely attaining distinction.

W. J. L.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS PLAYS THE FRENCH OFFICER.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Delfest.

Miss Lilian Rigby is a little lady whose picture I have given before. She is a champion clog-dancer, and was presented the other day with a massive gold medal for her achievements with clogs. Miss Rigby is engaged for the pantomime at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 9, 5.19; Thursday, 5.18; Friday, 5.16; Saturday, 5.15; Sunday, 5.13; Monday, 5.11; Tuesday, 5.10.

An enterprising firm of cycle-manufacturers in Paris are perfecting what they term a gas-bicycle, which, so far as I can make out, will be a decided improvement upon any motor-cycle at present on the market.



TANDEM.

The inventors, from whom I have received particulars and diagrams, assert that the machine is light, elegant, free from smell, and absolutely safe, and that it will be able to run for ten miles uphill, or, as they put it, "up a hill for ten miles high." Unfortunately, there are few hills of that height near London, but a spin from the valley of the Embankment up to the beetling crags at the summit of Primrose Hill would, no doubt, be a fair test of the capability of this Franco-gaso-motor.

The *rédacteur en chef* of an influential Parisian newspaper sends me full particulars of the arrangements which he is making for the transmission of news *à bicyclette* in the event of war breaking out between France and England. Expert reporters, he says, who are also expert cyclists, will be sent to all the chief towns in Eure, Calvados, Manche, Ille-et-Vilaine, Côtes du Nord, Pas de Calais, Somme, and Seine Inférieure, and when any important item of news is received upon the coast it will be conveyed to Paris by relays of scorchers. Telegraph-offices are few and far between upon the north coast and west coast of France, and most of the railway arrangements there are worse than bad. On the other hand, many French journalists are excellent cyclists, and, the roads in Brittany and Normandy being, for the most part, smooth and level, this idea of conveying news by means of wheelmen is decidedly a brilliant one. The editor calculates that news sent by cyclists, who will relieve one another at the end of every thirty miles or so, will travel at an average rate of speed of five-and-twenty miles an hour.

All touring cyclists will be interested to hear that a photographic camera, which can be permanently affixed, by means of a plain screw-clamp, to the handle-bar of any sort of bicycle or tricycle, is about to be brought out by a well-known London firm of photographers. It is small, compact, and very light, and it is warranted not to get out of order if properly handled. The device is both a clever and a simple one, and even cyclists who are not photographic enthusiasts would do well to have it, as well as the camera itself, fitted to their machines, for often and often quaint buildings and other objects of interest well worth photographing are passed during the course of an ordinary ride. For persons touring abroad it will prove almost invaluable. Both instantaneous and "time" photographs can be taken with this improved camera.

Society's craze for cycling is not by any means dead, and, as the astrologers have it, "great and unlooked-for changes" in the management and regulations of the London parks may be expected

early in the year. Battersea Park, in particular, is to be greatly improved, and next season, when the fashionable crowd of wheelmen, and, more especially, wheelwomen, put in an early appearance for breakfast there, they will find accommodation very superior to that provided during the last two seasons. Cycle-manufacturers also tell me that their business has considerably improved of late, and that orders from what they term "the aristocracy and gentry"—why not also the "nobility"?—are already pouring in, the 1899 models being largely in demand.

For several years after the general adoption of the safety cycle, the majority of cyclists were held in detestation by hunting-men, who, it is fair to add, often had solid ground for complaint. But now a radical change has come about, and it is no uncommon thing to see hunting-men in multi cycling to far-distant meets instead of hacking out in the old-fashioned way. Upon one occasion lately I saw two men wearing spurs while cycling to the meet. As likely as not, they did it for a joke. Certainly they seemed rather to enjoy the rude remarks flung after them by ribald urchins in the villages through which they passed.

That the lighting of all vehicles at night is a step in the right direction is unquestionable, but that it does not afford immunity from accidents is shown by the following incident, which occurred recently in Scotland. One dark night, a cyclist riding along a road not far from Glasgow mistook the lamps of an approaching dog-cart for those of two bicycles, and attempted to ride between them, which naturally resulted in a considerable smash-up. The bicycle was a complete wreck, but the rider almost miraculously escaped with his life. It seems strange that the cyclist did not find out his mistake in time to avoid a collision; but the moral is, when you see two lamps approaching, don't too hastily jump to the conclusion that they belong to two separate vehicles.

The Elswick Cycles Company writes me—

In your issue of Sept. 19, referring to the Trench Tubeless Tyre and the Elswick Cycles Company, your correspondent has fallen into an error which, if uncorrected, is calculated to do the Elswick Cycles Company considerable damage. For some months we have been experimenting with the Trench Tubeless Tyre, and it is quite true that we have formed a favourable opinion of its merits; but my company has no intention of pushing or pressing the valveless tyres (as your correspondent suggests) in preference to or to the detriment of the other well-known and reliable makes. The Elswick Cycles Company has always been a free house, and has no intention of preferring one tyre to another or endeavouring to influence its customers in the matter.

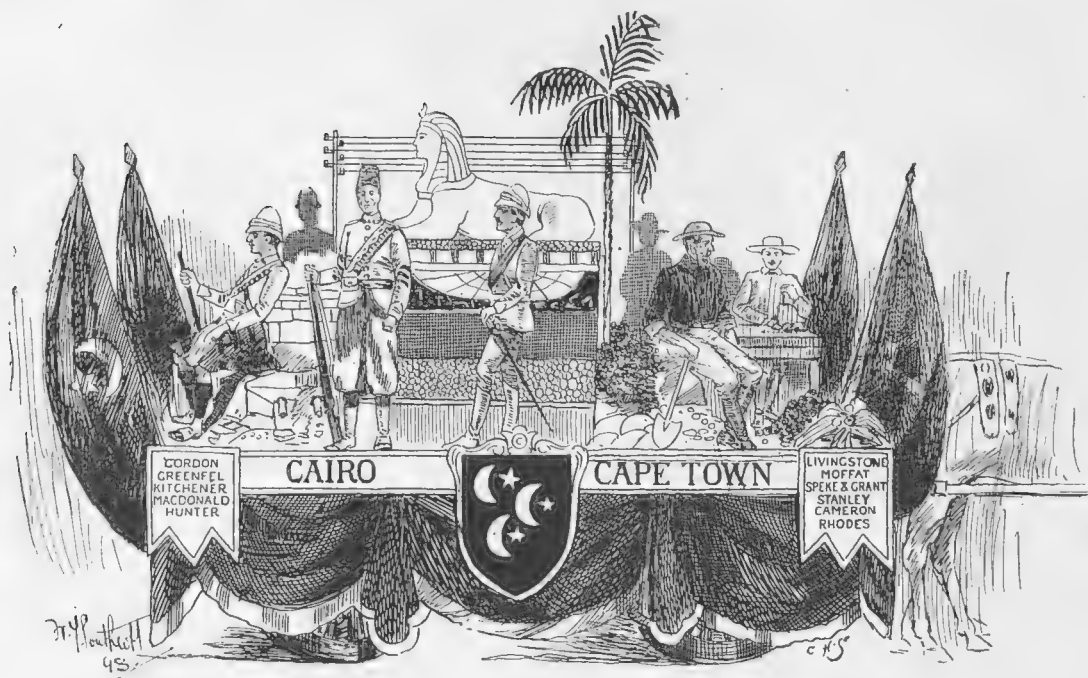
A certain cyclist once suffered at the hands of the cycle-thief. His machine was stolen. The police were applied to, but without success; the missing property could not be traced. Then a happy thought struck the bereaved wheelman. He advertised for a second-hand machine,



HAND-IN-HAND.

stating his requirements exactly in accordance with the particulars of his lost bicycle. It was not long before his own machine was offered to him as fulfilling the requirements specified in the advertisement. The thief may have been a fool; at any rate, the original owner was one too many for him.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

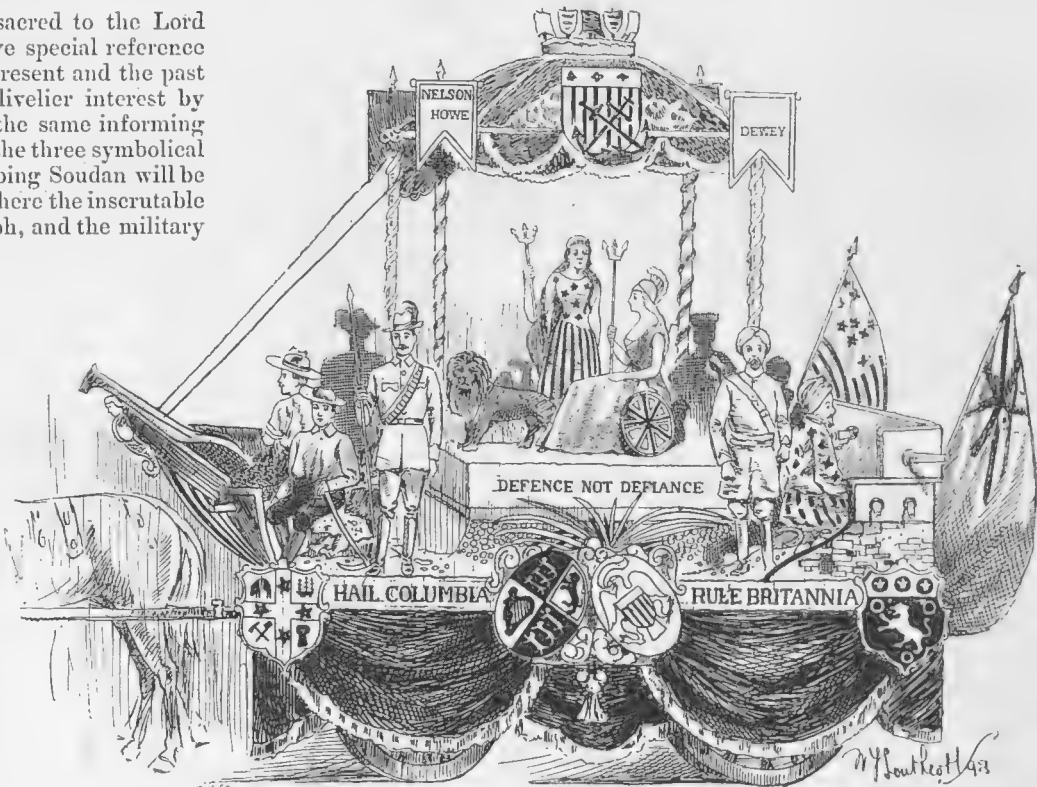


"CAIRO TO CAPE TOWN."

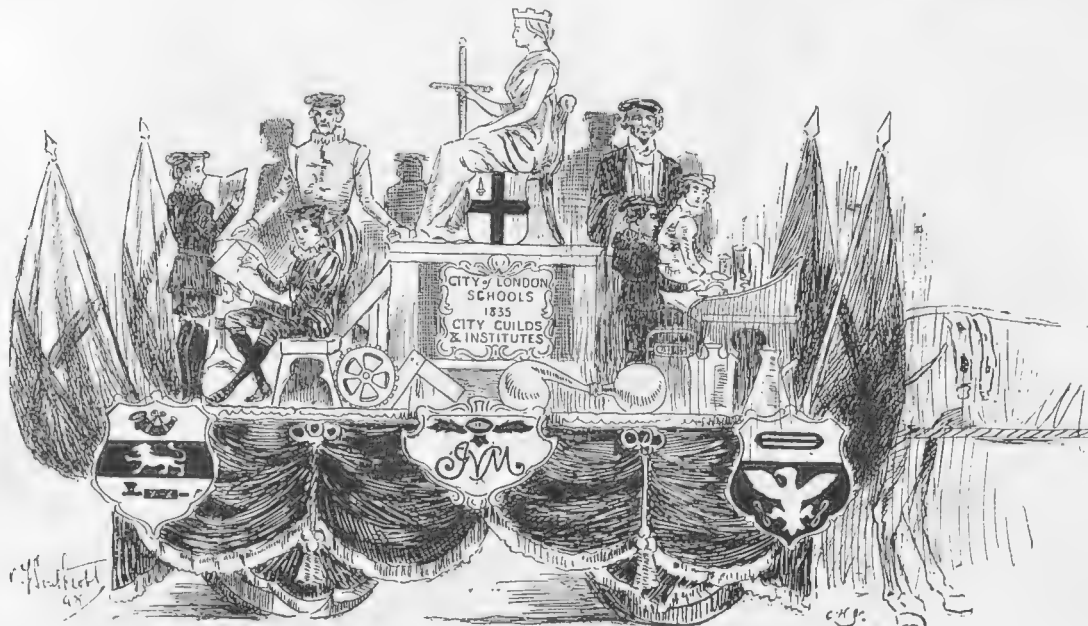
To-day is again that one of all the 365 which is sacred to the Lord Mayor. The antique ceremonies, of course, will have special reference to the stirring events of the past year, and thus the present and the past join hands; and mediæval pageantry is touched to a livelier interest by something of the spirit of the new journalism. In the same informing spirit *The Sketch* reproduces on this page pictures of the three symbolical cars which are to grace the procession. The all-absorbing Soudan will be represented by a car entitled "Cairo to Cape Town," where the inscrutable Sphinx will hobnob with the all-enlightening telegraph, and the military enterprise of Northern Africa will be shown side by side with the commercial enterprise of the South. The unity of the English-speaking races will also have its emblems, a fillip to our kindly relations with Uncle Sam; while Technical Education, now more than ever necessary to Imperialism, has its appropriate pageant.

On this head of Lord Mayors' celebrations it is not unprofitable to glance into the provinces, where civic dignity has its own observances, some of them very curious.

It is not generally known that the Mayor of Southampton for the time being, as indeed does the Mayor of Cork also, rejoices in the title of Admiral of the Port, and includes in his insignia of office a silver oar in token of the latter avocation. When foreign men-of-war visit the Port of Southampton, the Mayor, or rather, in this case the Admiral, does not officially recognise the fact until the commander calls upon him; then he returns the visit, proceeding to his destination in a barge, and bearing his silver insignia with him. Another oddity about this mayoralty is the bestowal of £5



CAR EMBLEMATICAL OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACES.



CAR ILLUSTRATING TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

in ancient coin upon him when he accepts the dignity, "so that he may always have money in his pocket"; the same coin, by the way, nowadays serves for the Mayor of each succeeding year. Every three years the Mayor of Cork has, by ancient charter, to throw an arrow into the sea, as a sign that he possesses jurisdiction over the waters. The arrow is of mahogany, and is tipped and winged with bronze; the ceremony, of course, is conducted with all due gravity.

In days of yore, we learn, the Mayor of Grimsby was chosen by taking three candidates, blindfolding them, tying bunches of hay behind their backs, and leading them to the common ground, where the judgment of Paris was re-enacted, Paris in this instance being a calf. The candidate whose bunch of hay first took the calf's fancy so much that he was obliged to devour it was adjudged Mayor for the ensuing year.

The posing of bogus Mayors was a very favourite excuse in the olden times for feasting and rough jollity. Notably was this the case at Newbury, in Berkshire, where beans and bacon were the commodities chiefly devoured, and a cabbage stuck on a pole served as a

mace; also the election for Garrett, a hamlet on the road from Tooting to Wandsworth, which attracted as many as fifty thousand people on one occasion. These "Mayors" have gone out of fashion of late years, but there are still two "Lord Mayors" at least in existence who are not officially recognised at the Mansion House. One of these holds office at Ringley, a small colliery village lying between Bolton and Manchester, and the other at Worsthorne, a tiny hamlet at the foot of Pendle Hill. The "Lord Mayor" of Ringley this year is himself a collier; one of his privileges, we learn, is his right to a certain number of free-drinks from the local landlord. The "Lord Mayor" of Worsthorne has a mock Corporation surrounding him, and is famous through the length and breadth of North and East Lancashire, many visitors from neighbouring towns attending the Corporation banquets to do homage to the civic dignitary and incidentally to eat the food provided. Among their possessions are framed letters from the Queen's Secretary to the "Corporation," acknowledging the dutiful and loyal addresses presented to her Majesty in 1887 and last year.

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CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.

THE SITUATION.

The Stock Exchange took quite a cheerful view of things after Lord Salisbury's speech, but we still think great caution should be exercised in speculating, especially by those who carry on the fascinating game with borrowed money. Fashoda may be evacuated, but what of the Bahr-el-Ghazal? It is significant that, while the Bank, by continued borrowings, keeps up the price of money, the naval and military preparations go on with increased vigour. Something of which the outside public is ignorant seems clearly in the wind. Is it the annexation of Egypt, or a coup in China?

CONSOLS.

The sense of awe which one usually felt when writing on such a solemn subject as the Two-and-Three-quarters per Cents has recently suffered a severe shock, owing to the way in which the price of this once so dignified stock has been slipping about recently. It has been at once the barometer of the financial and the political atmospheres inside the Stock Exchange. From its rise or fall, the other "heavy" markets in the House now take their cue, and a dealer in Westralians, when asked to account for a temporary flatness in Horseshoes, was overheard to say that he supposed Consols had dropped a quarter. If the Funds are rising, then the House concludes that Universal Peace is once more in the ascendant. Do they fall, then the Russian fleet has bombarded Hong-Kong.

The Bank Rate itself has been once more pushed into the political area, and there were prophets in the Consol Market who predicted a rise last Thursday, as a hint to France that we intended to keep our money at hand and ready for use. Of course, no alteration was made, but the price at which Consols made up on that day was 108½, or ¼ lower than on the previous day, Nov. 2. The rate on both days was 4 per cent. Where is the "bear" account in Consols of which everyone was talking? It seems to us that the selling of Goschens, which was undoubtedly going on last month, has been counteracted by purchases of stock on behalf of those nervous people who, in anxious times, always sell whatever other securities they may have, and reinvest the money in the Funds. There are, moreover, many staunch peacemen who think Consols look cheap at the present price, and whose buying is based on a belief that, as soon as the Nile question is comfortably settled, a sharp rebound is sure to take place. Another point worth remembering is that the price will be quoted *ex-dividend* (¼ per cent.) on Dec. 2, and, in the usual course of things, the advent of a dividend often brings an enhanced quotation before the dividend is deducted.

With the constant demand for Consols—for cancellation, for the Savings Bank, Lombard Street, Insurance companies, and trustees—the price, apart from politics, is not likely to remain much longer under 110, and that is four points below the highest ever touched. On the other hand, a stiffer Bank Rate will naturally react unfavourably upon Goschens, since money will be more profitably employed than it would be were it left in the Stock department, but we do not think that a cautious investor need fear a capital loss from buying the Funds at the present price.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

The Foreign Market palpitated with delight a few weeks ago, when the Argentine gold premium fell below 150, a record figure since 1890, the year of the Baring crisis. Since then, however, there has been a fall of over another ten points. The row with Chili about the frontier seems to be hushed, and when the political horizon clears in Europe there may be a good time coming for holders of Argentines. The "New Fours" are now a readily negotiable security, a free market having been made in the bonds, and at 60 they can hardly be regarded as dear by the speculator. Chilean issues are being neglected until some fresh development of the internal troubles takes place one way or the other, but some interest has been aroused by the reported gold discoveries in the country. Brazilian stocks suffer from the malignant influence of a declining rate of exchange, and New Court appears to have been holding its hand off late.

The Brazilian Government is hanging on manfully to its post, but the market here is too much at the mercy of foreign complications for purchasers to operate with any certainty. Spanish have relapsed into semi-oblivion. The next coupon on the sealed bonds is not due for nearly two months, so at present there is nothing to work up any excitement upon in that direction. Here, again, the ropes are largely worked from Paris, whence come vague rumours every now and then as to how the next loan will be raised. Spanish have seen 62½ in their palmist days this year; the other end of the see-saw is marked 29½, and as we write the quotation is about 42. The rise in Portuguese has fizzled out in the absence of any more Delagoa Bay news, but Turkish stocks are all in the up line, and the visit of the Uncommercial Traveller to the East has, curiously, been followed by an advance in nearly all the "Groups." Turkish Group II. might still be bought, and, with its usual flight of fancy, the market avers that the German Emperor has become a "bull" of the bonds. If there were anything doing at all in the Foreign Market—which there is not—Uruguay 3½ per Cents would be worth attention. The price is now *ex-dividend*, and, if no news be good news, the country must be recovering from its recent revolution.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY REPORT.

When the Mexican Railway distribution was announced, at the rate of 2½ per cent., the market felt disappointed; but now that the full report is in the hands of the shareholders, it appears that, but for a little windfall in the shape of £3000 profit made out of Consols, even the 2½ per cent. could hardly have been paid.

The working expenses have risen on account of the increased charges under the head of locomotive power, no doubt caused by the increased freight moved and the further depreciation in Mexican currency. In the first half of 1897 the dollar was worth 24·07d. against 22·25d. in the period under review, so that the net profits in currency of 893,908 dollars in the first half of 1897 gave a sterling return of £87,772, and during the last half-year a currency net revenue of 952,090 dollars only returns £88,267. In other words, although the net revenue of the company, even in the face of increased expenses, has expanded by 58,000 dollars, the sum available in sterling for distribution has improved by a miserable £485 only. Last year 2½ per cent. was paid, and this time the additional money required to make up the ½ per cent. has been produced by the profit on the sale of some of the company's Consols and the reinvestment of the £20,000 which represented the face-value of the stock dealt with.

The gross traffic-increase for the half-year was 205,999 dollars, and the result cannot, therefore, be considered over-encouraging, especially as we have no very great faith in the permanency of even the present depreciated value of the dollar.

MORE HOOLEY.

Just as most people had forgotten all the old Hooley stories, and the world was beginning to jog on in reasonable comfort without the arch-promoter—who, we should imagine, can, by-the-bye, never hope to promote again—the great Ernest Terah bursts upon the world with a series of revelations hardly less startling than those which electrified the public in August.

If Mr. Hooley is to be believed, it seems as if hardly anyone with whom he came in contact did not condescend to conduct more or less dishonourable. Peers, baronets, journalists, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of men, were bought and sold by the great Jew as if they had been so many bales of merchandise. To tell the truth, like Mr. Justice Wright, we don't altogether believe what Mr. Hooley says. He very much resembles a rogue elephant, who, having been turned out of the society of his fellows, is at war with all the world.

Sir J. B. Maple, finding that he had been swindled over a deal in cycle shares, demanded the return of his money, and so Mr. Hooley revenges himself by calling him a blackmailer, and so on with the rest. To Sir J. B. Maple and other men of the same position, all this may be a matter of indifference, but to journalists like Mr. Rose, who feels called upon to resign the position which gives him bread-and-cheese, because a most ordinary business transaction is twisted by Mr. Hooley into a payment made to secure the silence of the paper over the City columns of which he has presided with an ability as conspicuous as its honesty, or with Mr. Stuart Cumberland, whose good name is his most important asset, the matter is different, and one cannot help feeling that there ought to be some process whereby the question of whether or not the allegations are true or false could be tested by the verdict of a jury, and the person who has charged them with dishonourable conduct could be punished if the accusations were more than amply disproved.

Mr. Hooley is a strange being. We remember when, just before his failure, he had an execution in his house at Hill Street for the price of the chairs and tables he was using there, and a friend asked him what was the matter, he replied, with the utmost gravity, "Only a d—d tradesman trying to blackmail me!"

POWDER AND SHOT.

The market for guns and ammunition shares has had a very good time of it this year, what with the Spanish-American War and the increased activity in the shipyards of Europe where the engines of war are built. In the majority of cases, however, shares of this description are under the disadvantage of possessing a limited market. Here are a few of the best-known companies quoted on the London Stock Exchange, with the highest prices reached this year and the current quotations—

Company.	Highest 1898.	Now.	Fall.
Armstrong	3½	3¾	½
E. C. Powder	6½	4	2½
Hotchkiss Ordnance... ..	1½	¾	¾
New Explosives	3¾	3	¾
New Schultze Gunpowder	5½	5	½
Nobel Dynamite	18½	17½	1
Smokeless Powder	¾	¾	0
Vickers and Maxim	4	3¾	½
Webley and Scott	4½	3¾	¾

It will be seen that in all these companies prices are under the record quotations of this year, and the boomlet produced in this description of investment by the sinking of the *Maine* last spring has quite subsided. Its place has not yet been taken by the Anglo-French scare, and, at the present prices, there is not very much to tempt an investor who looks at the rate of interest which he receives upon his money. Armstrongs pay about 4 per cent.; E. C. Powder, 5¾; Hotchkiss and Smokeless Powder, nothing. Nobels return over 6 per cent., but are a highly speculative proposition. New Schultze will probably pay 5 per cent., and Webley Scott may possibly do the same. The dividend on New Explosives provides a return less than that on Consols, and it is early days yet to attempt any estimate of what will happen to the amalgamated Vickers

and Maxim. The last-named and the first on our list are distinctly the best, and upon each man's judgment as to the near or far approach of the Millennium must depend the advisability of his buying these shares or letting them alone.

INSURING AGAINST WAR.

The Stock Exchange and Lloyd's have been in close communication with one another for nearly a fortnight, and a large part of insurances effected against war-risks come from Capel Court. It is a "speculative investment," says the House, when anyone accuses it of using the "Room," as Lloyd's is familiarly called, for a gambling medium. It is quite natural that people who have thousands of pounds locked up in gilt-edged stocks should desire to insure against loss in case prices slumped upon an outbreak of war, but there are many others besides financiers and merchants who like to have a "bit on" in the race between England and France for the occupation of Egypt.

Since the scare became general, a fortnight ago, war-risks have varied between 10 guineas and 30 guineas per cent. for two or three months—that is, should hostilities be commenced within that period, the depositor of the premium would receive £100, or whatever the amount might be for which he insured. The difference between this and horse-racing is that, in the latter case, the stake is also returned to the winner, whereas at Lloyd's the underwriter takes the premium and returns £100 if war breaks out, so that an insurer who pays 20 guineas would only make a profit of £79 if the two countries came to blows. A man wishing to become an underwriter has to deposit with the managers of the "Room" £10,000, or security to that amount, before he can attain to the dignity of the position, so that there is very little risk attaching to the client in this direction, and a large business has been done during the last fortnight.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

After the storm—a calm. The high pitch of excitement attained in last week's markets has been succeeded by a stretch of dulness and apathy which even political events have hardly shaken. Every man in the House has placed politics on the top of the list of things in which he is most interested, and I am convinced that if Downing Street were blown up to-morrow with all its contents, the Stock Exchange would step quietly into the breach with a ready-made Cabinet at half-an-hour's notice. Consols still rule the roost, and the Settlement passed off with a 4 per cent. Contango, to the intense disgust of the "bulls," who were looking for at least an even rate. The markets for gilt-edged securities remain steadily good: there has been small belief in the prospect of war among the solid body of investors throughout the country all through the crisis.

A bird's-eye view of the hearts of members of the House as a body would probably reveal a strong hope on their "bull" side and a counteracting "bear" fear on the other. Nobody quite knows what to make of things, in spite of Lord Salisbury's reassuring speech at the Mansion House, and, consequently, business has shrunk into infinitesimal proportions. If I were a jobber I should get a card printed, "Absolutely nothing doing," and hand it to my brokers as they came round with the same wearisome question every day. One hears that emphatic "lutely" the whole House through, and it invariably refers to the same thing. "We live on hope, even though we die in the workhouse," said the ever-brilliant Augustus the other day. He was talking to a long-bearded broker of patriarchal aspect, who complained that he would make nothing of a deal he was then negotiating with his versatile friend. "Make nothing out of it?" incredulously exclaimed the dealer. "Well, at all events, if you say that you will make yourself a name"—a severe fit of coughing and winking bringing the dialogue to a close.

Yankees have been the liveliest specimens in a sleepy House, and the market is once more completely in the hands of Wall Street. Louisville and Milwaukee have been in strong favour, and a "bull" movement all along the list looks quite on the cards, elections or no elections. It has been said that if the Democrats should by any unlikely chance secure a majority, American Rails will necessarily decline in price, but I fail to see why they should. The Democrats may begin tinkering with the coinage, and there are other reasons why a Republican victory would be the more satisfactory to the Stock Markets, but, if the unexpected happens, it is not a bit likely that Wall Street will be more than temporarily upset. The money position over there seems to have quite recovered its usual elasticity, and the traffics for the leading railways are good enough in all conscience. The Chicago and Milwaukee, for instance, reported an increase of 141,500 dollars for the final week in October, and the market gossip is putting up "Milks" to 120 before Christmas, if the elections go all right. Deducting the usual grain of salt, I would rather be a "bull" of Milwaukee now than a "bear." What puzzles people is the "stupidity" of Erie shares. The prices of both the Preference and Common are now within a few points of the lowest touched this year, and this once so erratic counter has lagged sulkily behind in the recent attempts to give Yankees a lift. "Blighted!" sighed the erstwhile Erie King, as he mournfully discoursed upon his pet child last week. But they will not be blighted for ever, and Little Eries about 12½ contain possibilities to the man anxious to make a note wherewith to purchase Christmas presents for the bairns.

A client asked me the other day how much the Stock Exchange spent on contract-stamps in an Account. (If there is one thing clients hate, it is contract-stamps, specially carrying-over ones.) It would be rather interesting to know the exact figures; an approximate guess would probably fall wide of the mark, but at the Post Office in Threadneedle Street—the one principally patronised by the House—they reckon to sell about fifteen hundred pounds' worth every Contango-day, irrespective of what may be required in between times. This, of course, only refers to a single post office, and there are two others near the House which do a large Stock Exchange business. More interesting still are the figures relating to the sale of ordinary revenue stamps. At the Threadneedle Street office the daily taking for these alone varies between twelve and fifteen hundred pounds—that is to say, in a month, of five-and-twenty days, the sale of stamps alone brings £30,000 into that post office, on the basis of our lower estimate! It seems almost incredible to think that some £360,000 is turned over within a single year by the three men who dole out penn'orths of stamps, but, of course, the House is not the only customer. There are Insurance Companies and Banks galore within the district served by the Threadneedle Street "B.O.," but it is probable that the Stock Exchange buys much the largest proportion of the stamps.

The Mexican Railway report proved exceedingly disappointing. The declaration of a 2½ per cent. dividend on the First Preference, instead of the 3 per cent. generally anticipated, is accounted for by a very heavy increase in working expenses, and a shrinkage of over 1½d. per dollar in the price of silver. The old question of pooling is again to the fore, since it is announced that the

agreements between the four railways in Mexico will expire at the end of next month, and that a fresh batch of arrangements will have to be made. A conference is suggested to settle the matter, if possible, so there are ups and downs in store for the Mexican Railway Market until the directors' decision is made public. Even a rumour is better than nothing in that department nowadays; it does give them a little "tone" one way or the other, and that is something.

No small amount of mingled indignation and amusement has been aroused by the vote of severe censure passed upon some baker's dozen of firms in the West Australian Market. They had broken one of the rules of the House by helping a fellow-member when he was in difficulties, imposing upon the latter the usual condition that he should not deal for a certain time. The fellow, vexed at a remonstrance that these friends addressed to him, laid the whole case before the Committee as some little return for their kindness in helping him in his time of trouble. He was severely censured as well, but the Committee's reproof in this case goes for little or nothing, since the infraction of the rule is common enough, for the *esprit de corps* of the House would do all in its power to save a member from being hammered. I should advise that young man to give the Westralian Market a wide berth for some time to come; perhaps a sojourn at Carshalton might induce more gentlemanly feelings, if it could not bring back his former estate in that village and in the Stock Exchange.

The Kaffir Market is not the place where one would look for chestnuts in the ordinary way, but we get them there occasionally. One of its frequenters was chatting to a well-known "doggy" man in the House, and, discussing the annual Civic show, asked his friend what the difference was between the Lord Mayor and the tail of an Irish terrier. The broker stared, awaiting an explanation. "Well," said the Chartered man, backing round to the other side of the bench, "the Lord Mayor keeps a coach, and the dog's tail keeps a-waggin'. See it?"

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

THE TRUSTEES' CORPORATION REDUCTION SCHEME.

Mr. Justice Romer made short work of the action which a shareholder was found foolhardy enough to bring to restrain the carrying out of the scheme of arrangement to which the shareholders of this company agreed in August last. Our contemporaries, the *Investor's Review*, the *Financial News*, and sundry others, bitterly opposed the arrangements which were then made with the founders, and a certain Queen's Counsel, whose practice is the just equivalent of his legal knowledge, even resigned his seat on the Board because the scheme was, in his opinion, *ultra vires*—magnificent term! No doubt fired by the eloquent writing of our contemporaries, and the no less eloquent speeches of the great Mr. Higgins, Q.C., a shareholder has been found rash enough to ask Mr. Justice Romer for an injunction to restrain the carrying out of the agreement, and the learned Judge, having listened to all that could be urged in support of the dissident's views, has dismissed the application without going through even the form of hearing what the company wished to say in reply. No better justification could be found for the policy that this journal has supported.

There seems nothing now to prevent the immediate carrying out of the reduction of capital, the abolition of the founders' shares, and the placing of the affairs of the corporation on a more sound basis, with the result that the payment of dividends may be resumed, and steady, if not over-remunerative, business embarked upon. It has been a weary struggle to rehabilitate the corporation, but the end seems now in sight.

NEW ISSUE.

Sheba Queen Gold and Exploration, Limited.—This concern, which we have often called a wild-cat, is trying to make an issue of 120,000 20 per cent. Preference shares of 10s. each. We hope none of our readers will respond to the invitation. The company was reconstructed into its present form in July 1897, and has always been the favourite plaything of one or more outside brokers. When the reconstruction took place it was said that 45,000 tons of rich ore were in sight; now we find the quantity has dwindled to 12,000 tons. We are confident that those who put their money in will lose it, despite Mr. C. Wilson Moore's sanguine estimates.

Saturday, Nov. 5, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. W. P.—We write to correspondents only in accordance with Rule 5. The issue is a reasonable one, but, of course, of a speculative order. The offer to exchange each £100 Debenture for seventeen and a-half shares is a valuable right which might, if the shares were at a big premium, give the debenture-holder a very large bonus. Suppose, for instance, the shares were at £10 each before 1900, and you were the holder of a £100 Debenture, you could exercise your option and get seventeen and a-half shares, worth £175, for your original investment of £100.

MEAT.—We advise you to write to the secretary, Mr. H. T. McAuliffe, Billiter Buildings, E.C., and ask for information.

IGNORAMUS.—The investment is, in our opinion, a most undesirable one. Write to the secretary, and ask when the directors propose calling the rest of the money up.

CLACKNACUDDIN.—(1) A fair mining risk. (2) The veriest wild-cat. (3) We do not recommend it.

PUZZLED.—(1) The mine is well situated, but was badly managed. It has never done anything to justify the hopes formed of it. The drop was caused by the collapse of the syndicate which was engineering, or trying to engineer, the rise. (2) The ore is too poor to pay, but there is always a chance of better being found. It is the sort of mine that might produce a surprise at any time.

G. S.—We wrote to you on the 1st inst.

ENQUIRY.—The name of the broker was sent to you on the 3rd inst.

W. H.—We have little faith in the mine, and less in the people connected with it; but you can't sell—at least, we have not been able to get a price. What may happen in two or three years no one can tell, but you might buy a few Victory (Charters Towers) as a speculative lock-up, also, perhaps, some North Mount Lyell.

NOTE.—We are making some inquiries for the two correspondents who ask us about Meters, Limited, and will reply next week.